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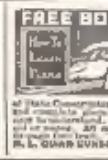

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EVERY WEEK

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A Man Asks, "What Is Your Favorite Book?"

OF course, no man wants the same book for every mood, any more than he wants the same food for every meal or the same medicine for every disease.

But the book to which I come back again and again was written several hundred years ago.

It is called Ecclesiastes: you will find it about the middle of the Bible. Frederick the Great called it the "Book of Kings," and said every monarch should re-read it constantly.

He should have said *every man;* for every man is the monarch of his own life. And this is the book of life, written by a king who had everything that life can give. It is the answer to the eternal question: "What's the use?"

> What profit hath a man of all his labor
> Which he taketh under the sun?
> One generation passeth away,
> And another generation cometh:
> But the earth abideth for ever. . . .
> All the rivers run into the sea;
> Yet the sea is not full;
> Unto the place from whence the rivers come,
> Thither they return again. . . .
> The eye is not satisfied with seeing,
> Nor the ear filled with hearing.
> The thing that hath been,
> It is that which shall be;
> And that which is done
> Is that which shall be done:
> And there is no new thing under the sun.

In other words, life is not just one thing after another. It is the same thing again and again. Get up, worry and work; eat, lie down, sleep. What's the use of it all?

The man who is never tempted to ask that question has no imagination.

Solomon, the writer, determined to find out what is worth while in life.

Is wisdom the thing greatly to be desired? He made himself the wisest man in the world, and discovered—what?

> In much wisdom is much grief:
> And he that increaseth knowledge
> Increaseth sorrow.

From wisdom he turned to mirth, only to find, as an end of living, that "this also is vanity."

He sought to give his heart unto wine, and "to lay hold on folly": and in this also there was no satisfaction.

Perhaps, then, he said to himself, perhaps work is the one thing worth while. To achieve something great—to leave a monument for posterity to wonder at.

> I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: . . .
>
> Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

Wisdom, mirth, wine, women, work, fame—

The man who has not at some time sought each one as a solution of the puzzle of life has in him no spirit of adventure.

But none of them satisfied Solomon.

What, then, is the answer to the riddle? What will satisfy the soul of man? What will make his life seem to have been worth while when he comes to give it up?

The answer is in the great last chapter, which begins:

> Remember now thy Creator
> In the days of thy youth,
> While the evil days come not,
> Nor the years draw nigh,
> When thou shalt say,
> I have no pleasure in them.

To live straight and simply; to do a little kindness as one moves along; to love useful work; to raise a worthy family, and to leave the world a little better than you found it—to do one's daily duty in simple reverence—this is the final answer.

And the man who, having passed through his periods of questioning, and made his false excursions into the varied by-paths, does not come finally to this true road, has missed real greatness.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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Every Week

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This is a horse-racing story that requires no knowledge of horse-racing to understand; and a love story that you don't have to be in love to appreciate. Something startling happens on every page of every instalment, right straight through to the end. The author wrote a novel called "Loot," which created something of a sensation when it was published earlier in the year, and is now numbered with the best sellers. Start this story. It's a good one.

THE EDITOR

Illustrations by A. I. Keller

THE SPORT OF KINGS

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

I WAS on the carpet—before the stewards of the Jockey Club. Around a huge mahogany table they sat, frowning heavily at me. No one had offered me a chair; so I stood there, feeling like a school-boy summoned, for various misdemeanors, before the faculty of the school. In fact, the present situation reminded me of one of those all too numerous occasions back in military school in Covington, Kentucky, and I grinned.

Soren, at the head of the table, scowled.

"This is very far from a laughing matter, Mr. Kernan," he said.

The others nodded, coughed, cleared their throats, grunted what I took to be assent. I quit grinning; it was not a laughing matter. Soren tapped the edge of the table with the newspaper that he held.

"Mr. Kernan," he said, "it is now three days since you made the charge—to a newspaper—that Starter O'Toole is too friendly toward the Classon entries. Day before yesterday you were requested—in writing—to prove your charges, or to retract them as publicly as you made them. I have seen no withdrawal in the papers, and you have forwarded no proof of your allegations to the stewards. Am I right in presuming that you have brought proof with you?"

THE battle was on.

"The facts speak for themselves, sir," I replied. "In every race during this present meeting at Beaumont in which there has been an entry from the Classon stable, Starter O'Toole has given the Classon horse far and away the best of it. He has allowed the Classon jocks to crowd, push, and hinder the other starters. There has been neither warning nor penalty inflicted on the Classon entries. Starter O'Toole's conduct in showing such open favoritism to the Classon stable is the talk of the meeting, sir."

"Yet there has been no complaint made to us, sir," said Soren.

"Mr. Francis Classon is one of the stewards, sir," I retorted. And I looked squarely at Classon, sitting next to Soren. He pretended not to see my glance, and looked idly out the window.

"What do you mean, Mr. Kernan?" asked Soren.

"I mean that most owners and most trainers are careful not to make charges that involve one of the stewards. But, under the rose—there's been talk enough."

"Can you bring before us any other trainer or owner who speaks as you do?"

"I don't care to get other people into trouble," said I. "I can fight my own battles."

"That is evasion, Mr. Kernan," said Soren sternly. "Have you *any* evidence to substantiate your charges?"

"I have the evidence of my own eyes, sir," I said hotly. "All through the past two weeks I've thought that O'Toole has been acting queerly. I've noticed that Mr. Classon's horses got all the best of it in every race. But I thought it racing luck. A pretty long streak of luck, but—well, I put it down to that. But three days ago I saw Starter O'Toole enter the house of Mr. Classon's trainer, Marshall Connors, in Flatbush. I stopped my car and waited at the corner for an hour. At the end of that time O'Toole came out of the house. After O'Toole had disappeared I rang the bell of the house, and Connors came to the door. I asked him what O'Toole had been doing there. He denied that O'Toole *had* been there.

"Gentlemen, my eyes do not deceive me; I don't suffer from delusions. That visit *might* be innocent; but, if so, why did Connors deny the visit? There's only one answer, sir. Connors is the trainer of the Classon stable; the Beaumont starter has been favoring the Classon horses. He pays a secret visit to Connors. Why? Isn't the answer easy?"

"Why didn't you make a report to the stewards?" demanded Soren.

"I admit, sir, that that is what I should have done," I answered. "But I was hot under the collar. My own horses had been done out of two races by Classon entries solely because the winners got the best of the start. And I—well, at dinner in my hotel that night a reporter from the *Bugle* asked me for track news, and—well, I made the statement that the Classon stable was getting all the best of it from O'Toole."

"You didn't tell the reporter what you have told us, though," said Soren.

"As soon as I began talking to Williams of the *Bugle* I realized that I was letting my temper get away with me," said I. "So I stopped after I'd merely stated my belief in the favoritism shown."

For the first time, Classon spoke.

"Merely," he said, glancing around at his fellow stewards.

Then he resumed his gazing out the window. But his word had its effect.

"Did you ask Williams not to print what you had said in anger?" asked Soren.

I flushed. "No, sir," I answered.

"Why not?"

"It is not my habit to retract anything that is true," I told him.

"But you had nothing on which to base a belief that your charges were true!" exclaimed Soren. "Connors had denied O'Toole's visit; you had made a mistake. As to the other,—the success of the Classon entries,—that is the fortune of racing, Mr. Kernan. I thought you were too good a sportsman to play the cry-baby because another horse got away better than your own."

"If the other horse got away first on its own merits, or the merits of its jock, I'd not whine," I snapped. "But when there's collusion between starter and trainer—"

Soren cut me short angrily:

"Mr. Kernan, we stewards are amply able to look out for the honesty of this track. We need no jealous trainers to show us our duty. You have scandalized Beaumont by your unfounded charges; it is your duty either to prove them or to apologize for having made them."

"I've tried to prove them," I said. "I've told you about O'Toole visiting Connors, and the latter's denial of it."

CLASSON looked at Soren.

"Kernan's a bit hipped because his horses haven't been in the money," he said sneeringly; "but, just the same, let's not make a star chamber out of this. Naturally, I was as much surprised as any one else to learn that my stable was being shown favors. I'd rather thought I had the better horses and possibly the better jockeys and trainer. But I brought Connors over here with me to-day; I didn't suppose he'd be needed, but—O'Toole's here too, isn't he?"

Soren nodded.

"Bring them in," said Classon.

Soren pressed a bell. A moment later Starter O'Toole and Trainer Connors were in the room.

"Mr. O'Toole," asked Soren, "did you ever pay a visit to Mr. Connors' house?"

O'Toole's eyes opened wonderingly. He shook his head.

"Why, sir, I barely know Connors."

"Connors, did O'Toole ever call at your house?" asked Soren.

"No, sir," said Connors innocently.

"Of course, you've both read Mr. Kernan's charges in the *Bugle*? Well, to-day he's gone further than that. He claims that you two have met in your house, Connors."

"He's crazy," said the trainer.

O'Toole smiled contemptuously.

"That will be all," said Soren. They withdrew, and Soren turned to me.

"It's hard to believe that a Kentucky gentleman would let jealousy overcome sportsmanship," he said slowly. "It's hard to believe that a Kentucky gentleman would forget his honor and—"

"DON'T say it, sir," I interrupted quietly. "If you don't care to believe me, well and good. But don't say I lie, please."

Soren looked at Classon.

"Mr. Classon," he said, "this is a matter before us stewards. Personalities must be dropped, forgotten. All should act as one body. Yet—inasmuch as you have a personal interest, aside from your interest as a steward in seeing that Beaumont is kept clear from scandal—will you kindly tell us what action you think we should take?"

Classon pursed his lips.

"Of course," he said, "my inclination would be to bar Mr. Kernan from the turf. But—having, as you say, a personal interest in the matter—I should hate to seem vindictive. Let me suggest that Mr. Kernan make a personal apology to me for having dragged my name—my stable's name—into a nasty scandal, and that he further comply with our request to make a public retraction of his charges."

"Very fair," exclaimed old Soren. "That all right, gentlemen?"

The other stewards nodded assent. The old financier looked at me.

"Mr. Kernan," he began, "this is a very sad occasion. I knew your father, sir. No more honorable gentleman or fairer sportsman ever came out of Kentucky. It has been my great pleasure to defeat him and to be defeated by him. He was a

gentleman. He loved horses; he loved their reputations; he was never one to throw mire. Yet neither was he one to let scandal grow unchecked. He would have been the first to expose dishonesty—but he would have had proof of his charges. He would not have made them unfounded. Only the coward, sir, makes charges not susceptible to proof. And you are not a coward; you are simply a hot-headed young man, proud of the stable he trains, and unwilling to accept defeat. But, Mr. Kernan, a gentleman does not try to excuse his defeat by charging dishonesty to his opponent, unless he is certain. And you—I am very sorry for this. I am glad that Mr. Classon is so generous; it saves us from a most unpleasant duty. Instead of barring you from the turf we give you the opportunity to square yourself. Mr. Kernan, we are waiting to hear your apology to Mr. Classon."

I BIT my lip; I felt my nails digging into my palms. For I had not been mistaken: I had seen O'Toole go into Connors' house and seen him come out of there. I stared at Classon, who sat, slightly smiling, awaiting my humiliation. I had been a fool. I should not have said anything unless I had irrefutable proof. And yet, I was not ashamed of my foolishness.

As I stared at Classon's smiling countenance I noticed that his lips were thick and sensual, that his eyes were set a bit too close together. I wondered if the stories that his brokerage house was but little better than a tremendous bucket-shop could be true. And an idea came to me. If O'Toole were bribed, surely Connors, Classon's trainer, didn't have money enough to do it. Of course, the two might connive to beat the betting ring, but still—bets can often be traced. And it is racing death to a starter to be even suspected of betting. No; O'Toole must be getting money from Connors. But who gave Connors the money?

"Mr. Classon," I said, "may I ask you a question?"

"You may," he said.

"You keep books of your stable, of course? Account-books?"

"Certainly."

"And a separate checking account for all stable expenses?"

"Of course," he said coldly.

"And another account for your business?"

"Several of them," he answered.

"And a personal account—for your own expenses?"

"Ye-es; but why—"

"Then, Mr. Classon, will you submit all your check-books to your fellow stewards?"

He glared at me, and his face grew crimson.

"What the devil do you mean? What are you driving at?"

"I'd like to examine those check-books," I said. "It would be interesting to note if Mr. Connors has received any large checks recently which are plainly in excess of his salary or stable expenses. Sufficient, I might say, to make a starter forget his duty to the racing association."

It was a long shot—and it didn't win. Classon jumped to his feet.

"By heaven, sir, do you dare insinuate—"

"I'm not insinuating anything, sir," I said. "My future, my honor, are on trial here. I ask you to produce those check-books!"

"Yes, you are on trial, Kernan," he cried, "and I—and—gentlemen, of course it is absurd that I should furnish what he asks! There are business secrets that—"

"Of course, Classon," said Soren; "we understand. This man Kernan is insane with jealous anger. We have given him his chance, and I now propose that, in view of this further insinuation against the integrity of one of our fellow stewards, Mr. Kernan be barred from the turf!"

The others murmured angrily; I felt their outraged glances upon me.

"In a court of law," I said, "my demands would be listened to."

"And this is a court of gentlemen," cried old Soren. "Gentlemen, shall we put it to a vote?"

But Classon interfered. He smiled patiently, as one who has been fouly wronged, yet does not desire vengeance.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he said. "Don't let any insult to me govern you. Let us forget that; let us do as I suggested. Let Mr. Kernan apologize—"

But the hot blood of the Kernans mastered me now.

"I shall not apologize," I said; "and if you had a regard for your honor you'd produce those books!"

He made no answer save to smile that patient, pitying smile.

Soren turned to the others.

"Gentlemen, two people have denied Mr. Kernan's story. The weight of evidence is against him. His motives for blackening the name of Beaumont are the motives of jealousy. It is absurd to ask Mr. Classon to produce his check-books and expose his business affairs to please the vicious jealousy of a man who has disgraced the name of sportsman. Gentlemen, I move that Mr. Kernan be barred from the turf until such time as he apologizes to Mr. Classon personally, to us as a body, and makes public retraction of his scandalous charges. All in favor—"

"Aye!" they cried.

The court from which there was no appeal, the stewards of the Jockey Club, had barred from the turf a Kernan of Kernan's Farm!

GOSSIP in the racing world travels about as quickly as anywhere else. I had been ruled off the turf at half past ten. At half past twelve the telephone in my room at a hotel rang, and the clerk told me that Mr. Benton was calling.

"Send him up," I said. And then I braced myself against a storm of reproaches. But I needn't have bothered, for old Sam Benton was the whitest man that ever breathed, and the last to reproach a man for doing what his conscience commanded.

He sat down in a chair whose measure was all too small for his overflowing bulk, puffing from excitement as well as his swift entrance.

"Well, Sale, I hear you went and gone and did it!"

"Who told you?" I asked.

"Jerry Kenney called me up from the stable fifteen minutes ago. I was just getting out of bed,—poker last night,—and I left the house with Mrs. Benton telling me I'd die of dyspepsia if I went without my breakfast. But I hollered back to her that I was taking a cure—wasn't eating breakfast any more. I came down here as fast as the car would take me. Now give it to me straight."

He paused, all out of breath. As briefly as possible I told him the occurrences at the meeting of the stewards and their outcome. Old Sam heard me through in silence. Indeed, after I had finished he made no comment until he had carefully selected a cigar from his case, and smoked half an inch of its length. Then:

"Of course you know the old rule, Sale: never start anything you can't finish. Why didn't you buck down?"

"You don't mean that, Mr. Benton," I said shortly.

"No, darned if I do! You did just right, Sale. Only—why in blazes did you ever talk to Wilkins in the first place?"

"If I hadn't I'd have gone before the stewards anyway," I said, "and the outcome would have been the same."

"No, you wouldn't," he said. "I'd have reasoned that out of you! However—ruled off, eh? Sale, what you going to do? I don't suppose you've thought of that—any more than you did of my string when you started all this."

"Look here, Mr. Benton," I said hotly, "how could you expect me to think of your string? My duty as your trainer only consists in looking after your horses, not in keeping my eyes closed to crookedness."

"Don't go off at half cock, Sale," he said. "You know I don't blame you, only—ain't it just like every Kernan that ever came out of Kentuck to forget his future, his hopes, his place—everything—for the sake of what he considers his duty!"

"What is his duty," I corrected him. "And I hope that what you say is true. I'm mighty sorry, Mr. Benton. Training your stable has been almost as much pleasure as if it were my own. But—there are limits to everything. I'd do it all over again."

BENTON puffed at his cigar. I bent over a suit-case I'd been packing when he was announced, and began tossing things into it. Benton pointed at it.

"Where bound, Sale?"

"Juarez," I answered shortly. "The stewards' power doesn't run that far; at least, the enforcement of their rules is mighty lax there. I may not be able to train under my own name, but, under the rose, I'll find plenty to do there."

"Not at the ten thousand a year I've been paying you," he said.

I made no reply, and he went on:

"But a man's self-respect is worth thousands, Sale. Yes, you'll land, but—what good will it do to land at Juarez? A Mexican track without much standing. Of course, there's your living; but—I have plenty, Sale."

"I know that, but I don't want to borrow," I told him.

"But, even if you do go to Juarez—no hurry; it isn't quite October yet, and they won't open there for a couple of months."

"But I can be drawing salary before the racing starts," I reminded him.

"Yes; but— You say you won't apologize. So, if you want to be reinstated— You do, of course?"

"Naturally."

"Then you'll have to prove your charges. How you going to do that in Juarez?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I haven't crossed that bridge yet," I answered. "The only thing I've decided on is that I want to get away from this place as quick as possible—out of New York; away from the neighborhood of the tracks they've barred me from. Good heavens, Mr. Benton, can't you understand how I feel? Barred from the tracks from the game my folks helped make great? Barred from—I want to get away now!"

I slammed the suit-case shut savagely and locked it.

"About that other—making my charges stick. Murder will out! I know that Classon, Connors, and O'Toole have been rigging things up. That's four people altogether that know it. And one of the other three will make a break some day—"

"And you won't be here to take advantage of it," he said.

"Some one else will," I said. "And meanwhile—I've got to live, Mr. Benton. I've had a good salary, but—well, when a Kernan-trained horse loses a race I'm apt to be light in pocket."

"I've said that I—" he began.

"And I've said that I won't borrow—when I see no way to pay back," I interrupted. "Thank you again, but—there's a liner for New Orleans sails at four. I'll be aboard her."

The old man sighed. He was my good friend—had been a friend of my father before me.

"I know there's no way of stopping you when your mind's made up, Sale," he said. "But—if you won't accept a loan, still you can't help me spending my money, can you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The Kernan judgment has always been good on everything except the stock-market," he said. "On horses and men—almost infallible. If you say that Classon is a crook, in spite of his being a steward and all that sort of thing, why—Sale, I'm inclined to believe you. So much inclined that when I leave here I'm going to a private detective agency. I'll risk a few thousand of my own to help a boy I like and"—here his mouth hardened—"to drive a crook from the track. Write to me, Sale, and—if you should change your mind about—a loan, you know, a wire'll always get an answer from me. Good-by, my boy."

I went aboard the boat two hours before sailing time, and locked myself in my cabin. Not until the *Carabobo*'s engines had been throbbing twenty minutes and she was well below Liberty did I leave my cabin and go up on deck. And there, as I stood by the rail taking my last look at New York, I felt a hand touch my arm. I turned, to stare amazedly into the apologetic eyes of Jerry Kenney, my chief subordinate in the Benton stable.

"Well, what the devil are you doing here?" I gasped.

"On me way to Juarez, via New Orleans," said Jerry, with a grin.

"Now look here, Jerry," said I angrily, "I'm glad to see you and all that, but—why in blazes have you left New York? Sam Benton might have put you in charge of the stable and—"

"And since whin did the Kenneys thry to stop into the shoes of the Kernans?" demanded Jerry. "Shame on ye for sayin' it, Misther Sale. Sure, ye'er father'd niver have talked that way to me. Didn't he, whin ye was a bit of a lad, make me promise that I'd kape ye out of mischief? Is it lettin' ye go to Mexico, with rev'lootionists all around and ye wid ye'er hot blood lidin' to join thim, I'd be afther doin'?"

"Jerry," I said shamefacedly, "of course I appreciate your feelings and your kindness and all that, but—you'd have had a good thing with old Sam Benton. You shouldn't have given it up."

"I worked for the Kernans before iver I worked for the Bentons," said Jerry. "And what's a job whin Major Jack's son is— And scran to thim, Misther Sale, but we'll come back yet wid bells on, and give the crooks the proofs they're afther wantin'. Me navvy Mike is back there, and he'll kape his eyes open and he'll watch Connors and the rist of thim. Niver fret, Misther Sale; thim that laves can come back."

I tried to smile.

"I hope so," I said. "Anyway, you can go back. I'm not going to mix you up in my misfortunes. You'll get off this boat at Charleston, and—"

"And Charleston is two days off," murmured Jerry. "We'll talk some more before we get there. Meanwhile, I'm not so young as I was, but I'm Irish, Misther Sale. Be afther tellin' me: is it true what they say about thim Mexican girls bein' so grand to look at? And will we see manny of thim in Juarez? Are anny of thim as good-lookin', say, as the young lady beyant, there?"

I FOLLOWED the direction of his eyes, and saw the girl he meant. She had just stepped from an outside cabin and stood looking back toward the sky-line of Manhattan. The wind whipped her skirts closely about her, and revealed a form that might have posed for the young Diana. Brown curls were tossed by the wind against a cheek of damask on which strawberries had been crushed. Oh, she was a thoroughbred, from her dainty, arched feet to her small, proud head. I looked quickly away, hard though it was to do so, lest she catch me rudely staring.

"No," I said slowly; "I don't think you'll find any like her in Mexico—or anywhere else."

But Jerry said nothing—to me. A few yards away I heard him say:

"Be careful, Miss Leland, now! Sure, it's getting choppy out here and ye must mind ye'er step."

"Thank you, Mr. Kenney; I'll be careful."

"Mind ye do, ma'am," said Jerry.

I turned and looked at them. I saw her teeth flash in a smile that dazzled my faithful Jerry. He bowed almost to the deck as she passed by. He rejoined me.

"Do you know her?" I gasped.

"Wud I addhress a lady I didn't know?" he retorted.

"You old rascal, you'd do anything," I grinned. "But—who is she?"

"A lady," said Jerry, "be the name of Miss Leland. She has a winter place in Florida. Likewise she has a horse. She's takin' her down to Grantham; she's goin' to race her at the winter meetin' there. I saw thim loadin' the mare aboord and I gave the rough side of me tongue to the ignorayunus in charge bekase of his mishandlin' the animal. The lady heard

me and thanked me, and—"tis ple'sint for a gay young buck like mesilf to have the acquaintance of a young and char'ming lady on a dull v'y'ge."

"I like your impudence, you ancient mariner," I said. "A plater, I suppose?"

"She don't look it, did ye think, Miss-ther Kernan?" he chuckled.

"I don't mean the lady, you old rascal," I said, "and you knew it. The mare."

"There might be some that'd call Vivandière a plater, sor, but not the likes of me."

"Vivandière?" I gasped. "Vivandière!"

"That same," said Jerry. "Wud ye like to go down below and have a look at the darling?"

"If only to console with her, I would," I answered. "If only to meet a sister in misfortune. Lead the way, Jerry."

BETWEEN-DECKS the mare was stabled. She was fretting at the motion of the *Christina*, and, between fear and the natural devilish temper that had ruined her as a piece of racing flesh, she was in a wicked mood. At a respectful distance from her hind feet was a burly deck-hand, evidently, from the bucket of oats he carried, told off to look after the mare's wants during the voyage. Jerry grinned at me as we stood there, watching the man's timid approach to the makeshift stall, and his fearful bucking away when the mare, over her shoulder, glimpsed him with wicked eyes, and showed her powerful teeth.

The deck-hand turned and saw us, dustling angrily at Jerry's grin. He turned back toward the stall and lifted the bucket of oats. In his anger he raised the heavy iron-bound bucket above his head.

"Take it this way, you she-devil!" he snarled. And he hurled it, oats and all, straight at the head of the mare. It struck above her, on the wall, and, aside from a temporary blindness caused by the cloud of oats, did her no damage. But her ears went back and she squealed shrilly, lashing out with her hind feet. I could feel my hands clench, and I saw Jerry's teeth gleam.

"Steady, Jerry," I warned him. "He hasn't hurt her yet, and this isn't dry land. We can report him to the ship's officers—"

But I didn't finish the sentence. The deck-hand, turning, read the contempt on our faces; he did not read the wrath, or I doubt if his next action would have happened. For he picked up a heavy board, that should have been used to bar the rear of the mare's stall, and swung it against her quarters.

"That'll teach you," he cried. "ye black—"

He leaped back, away from her striking hoofs, and danced in again. Old Jerry, gentled and beat with the weight of sixty years, rushed in at him. But I was quicker and elbowed Jerry aside. I caught the man from behind. My right arm went around him and my forearm tightened against his throat, while my knee bared the small of his back. The wooden bar fell to the deck as we twisted.

AT the foot of the companionway that led to the between-decks stood Miss Leland. Her face was white and her eyes blazed; her small hands were knotted pitifully, and I saw her knuckles shine whitely through a coat of tan. She was a picture of helmet rage, and in my surprise at her presence I loosened my grip of the deck-hand. He broke from me, wheeled and faced me, fists raised and oughied.

But the presence of the girl cooled my blood. I had no mind to figure in a rough-and-tumble brawl before her.

"Better go," I said quietly to the deck-hand, "or I'll report you to your officers. Close that mouth of yours and go."

He saw the girl now, and profanity ceased to issue from him. With a muttered snarl that may bring a passenger was all that saved me, he slouched aft.

I saw the girl put her hand to her throat and saw the color come back to her cheeks. She put out a hand and steadied herself against the railing of the gangway.

I FELT a sudden embarrassment before her—a sudden rush of feeling that the proximity of no other woman had ever caused to whelm me. For in that moment when the deck-hand had been in my grip it seemed that she had bared her very soul to me—a soul that flamed to wrath at brutality and cowardice; a soul that was as frankly honest as the eyes through which it looked. I felt that I would like to get away, to meet her again when she had entirely recovered herself. But the only way I knew to get to the upper deck was the companionway at which she stood.

The mare whinnied, and I looked at her. Noble beast that she was, the viciousness had left her great brown eyes, as if she understood and was grateful for her rescue. And I, to postpone the meeting with the girl, walked into Vivandière's stall.

"Mither Sale, careful," Jerry cried.

"Come out, come out—" Then the girl's cry died away in a gasp of amaze ment. For Vivandière whinnied softly as my hand stroked her velvet neck; the great teeth that had been bared beyond the guns as she squealed her hatred of the deck-hand were hidden beneath soft lips now; soft lips that nuzzled first my hand and then my face. I stroked her nose; I held her face to my cheek.

"Rafted off, both of us, eh, girl?" I whispered to her.

She rubbed my collar with her soft nose. I heard Miss Leland's voice behind me:

"How did you dare? How did—why, no one has ever entered her stall that way before."

She had regained command of herself now, and her lips were parted with pleased surprise as she stared at us, mare and man.

"And if some one had," I answered, "no need for her to be barred from the track as an outlaw. I know her family; and there was never a wicked strain in any of her ancestors—or her brothers or sisters. She was mishandled when a colt in the Cranston stable; she was given a bad ride her first appearance. High-spirited horse that she is, she could not stand the whip. Her trainer should have known it; her jock should have known it. It was the whip that made her almost kill three riders; that made her attack other horses in races and caused her to be barred. I know a horse when I see one; and—and it's a peculiar fact that no horse has ever bitten or kicked a Kernan of Kernan's Farm."

The girl's eyes grew moist.

"Poor Vivandière! poor darling," she said. "To think that—could *I* go in there with you?"

"As safely as you could enter a church," I said. "All this mare's ever needed was the right sort of kindness—manful kindness. Give her that and she'll make the best of them take her dust."

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"'I felt a sudden embarrassment before her—a sudden rush of feeling that the proximity of no other woman had ever caused to whelm me.'"

The American Legion

By BRUCE BARTON

When a man has no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbors,
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knocked on the head for his labors.
'Twere good to mankind in the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And if not shot or hanged you'll get knighted.

SO sang Lord Byron, and proceeded to make good on his song by enlisting in the Greek Revolution.

So also might have sung Alfred Jenkins of Peoria, Illinois, had he been gifted with a poet's voice as well as a poet's soul. But, being fashioned of humbler stuff, the keeper of a garage instead of a poet, and accustomed to blunt speech, Jenkins expressed his reasons for fighting in another man's war as follows:

"I suppose I'm a darn fool to be butting into a fight that ain't really none of my business," he said to the recruiting officer at Toronto. "I had a nice little trade back home, and everything going good, and no reason to be dissatisfied at all. And when this here war started I didn't pay much attention at first. Then later I got to reading in the papers about them Germans tearin' up Belgium and smashin' churches and beatin' up women and rapin' the devil generally, and darned if it didn't get me sore. I says to myself, I says, 'Every feller in the world like me, that's free and got nobody dependent on him, just orter join together and give them guys a good sound thrashin'.' And, by gosh, I'm here to help do it."

Alfred Jenkins—I withhold his real name for "military reasons"—Alfred Jenkins has not the poet's gift of expression, as has already been admitted. But there must be a spark of poetic fire in his soul, and the soul of any other man who voluntarily casts aside a comfortable security to journey into another land and enlist in a war that is, strictly speaking, none of his affair. And something like 15,000 Americans have done just that thing. More than 9000 of them were with the first Canadian contingent, which has already given up so many of its lives in the trenches about Ypres. The remainder of them, partly in England, mostly in Canada still, make up the various battalions of the American Legion.

We have heard almost nothing of the American Legion on this side of the Canadian border. We probably shall not hear very much about it until after the last battle has been fought and the real story of the war is told. When that story is written, and the writers take their little flings at "America's commercialism," as they are so fond of doing, they will have to make one grudging admission. They will not be allowed to forget that 15,000 Americans, at least, cared enough about the issues of the world war to enlist for action three thousand miles away, to die, if need be, for a country they had never seen, and whose language they could not even understand. Painful as it may be for Europe to admit that courage in America is not altogether a thing of the past, it will have to be done. No chronicler of the great war can tell the story of American munition profits without telling also the story of the American Legion.

Canada's First Call for Troops

ENGLAND declared war on Germany August 4, 1914. On August 4, Sir Sam Hughes of Canada, a regular fellow if ever there was one, got in touch with every newspaper in Canada over the telephone and dictated the stirring call for troops which he had prepared. On August 5 the newspapers announced the declaration of war on their front pages, and on the same page printed in big type the call of the Minister of Militia for recruits.

If Sir Sam Hughes' diary is ever published, a special copy should be sent to Mr. Arnold Bennett. It will give him a new idea of what it means to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Having issued his call for men, Sir Sam called on the telephone William McBain, of the Canadian Northern Railway.

"Good evening, Colonel McBain," he said.

"Colonel nothing," responded the chief engineer. "Quit your kidding"—or words to that effect.

"This is Sir Sam Hughes," continued Sir Sam, unperturbed, "and you're Colonel McBain, whether you know it or not. I have just appointed you this minute.

"What part of Canada do you come from?" a war correspondent asked a "Canadian" soldier on the streets of London. And the other whispered: "Don't say a word; I'm from Polo, Illinois." He was one of the 15,000 Americans who had hurried across the border to fight in another man's war.

We'll have 20,000 men filing in here in the next few days, and I want you to have a camp ready for them when they arrive."

"I know just the place," the Colonel replied. "Valcartier, down near where I was born. I'll fix up a special train and we'll start down there at once."

In a train consisting of an engine and one car, General Sir Sam and Colonel McBain set out. They were in too much of a hurry: the train ran off the track. Somewhere they found and commandeered a motor-car, and so, driving over ditches and through rail fences, they reached Valcartier, laid out streets, and arranged for a water system and everything else needed for a well equipped camp. Then, with 20,000 men on the way and Colonel McBain ready for them, Sir Sam hurried back, *to find his colleagues in the Dominion Government debating whether Canada should send any troops to the war.*

Lying Themselves into the Army

THE call had been published on August 5. By October 1 the first Canadian contingent had received enough preliminary training to be ready to embark. Guns they had, and bayonets; but no uniforms. These were handed out to them in packages as they boarded the train. There were only 20,000 uniforms: Canada had promised only 20,000 men as a first contingent; only men in uniform were to be taken on the ships.

When the trains finished their journey to the seacoast, and the first Canadian contingent was drawn up to be embarked, it was counted. *And the 20,000 men were found to be 33,000.* They were all in uniform, as ordered. At least, each one was in part of a uniform. One had on the trousers of a uniform, another the coat, another the shoes, another the belt. Each man, when questioned, swore solemnly that he had been entitled to a uniform, had been one of the chosen 20,000; but in the hurry of entraining he had lost all of his uniform except the part he wore. He was sorry, very sorry. But he was one of the 20,000 all right. Oh, yes, indeed; he was entitled to embark.

So these men who a few weeks before had been peaceful lawyers and real estate agents and dry goods merchants stood in line and deliberately lied themselves into the army. And because no man of them would admit that he had slipped on to the train against orders, and because the ships were waiting and there was no time to separate the sheep from the goats, the officers embarked the whole crowd for England, leaving the tangle to be straightened out on the other side. Which is the real reason, gentle reader, why Canada sent the queer total of 33,000 troops to England as a first contingent.

9000 Americans Discovered in Canada's Army

THEY took the histories of the whole 33,000 on the other side. "Who is your next of kin?" is one of the questions on the blank. And when the English War Office came to examine the answers, that question betrayed the fact that of the 33,000 more than 9000 were not Canadians at all, but American citizens. It was an unpleasant predicament for the War Office, England needed men, but Downing Street was just at that moment having some correspondence with Washington on the very subject of American enlistments. Here was a complication that could not be reckoned. Word went out that no Americans could enlist; they must all go home. Like lightning the news spread through the camp. The next day the contingent was to be paraded, and all Americans must be mustered out.

The day dawned, and the parade took place. And, behold, a miracle had happened overnight. The preceding day there had been more than 9000 Americans among these 33,000. Today, when the show-down came, there was not a single one. Every single American had become a Canadian overnight.

Oh, they could be like gentlemen, those first 9000 Americans! And they could die like gentlemen, too. They proved that a few months later at Ypres.

In his book, "Canada in Flanders," Sir Max Aitken has given as good a description of what happened at Ypres as can be given until after the war. In untechnical language, and briefly, the story is this: The French and Canadians together held what is known as a "salient" before Ypres, meaning that the line at that place curved out toward the Germans in a great half circle. It was a badly exposed position, as every one knew, but it had to be held nevertheless. The French were holding the line on the Canadians' left.

Nothing had happened all day Thursday; but about five o'clock Thursday afternoon the Germans launched a great wave of gas directly at the French trenches. It was early in the war. The soldiers had heard of the terrors of the gas, but no protection against it had been provided. Borne by a favorable wind, it swept straight on to the French trenches. There was no fighting against it. The men farthest forward felt its awful touch, gasped, and fell in terrible agony. The others, helpless, broke, as even the bravest men will before a terror that can not be struggled against. And for almost a mile the Allied trenches were emptied. The line was really broken.

It was a frightful moment. Here were the Canadians—raw troops. Their Colonel was a rancher from out Calgary way. Almost their first taste of battle, and confronted with the most terrifying experience that troops can know. What would they do—these lawyers and doctors and machinists and clerks?

Almost without orders they answered the question. They lacked the machine-like discipline of their foes; but they had that divine heritage which, when he is once trained, makes the American and the Canadian the finest soldier in the world. They had self-reliance, the habit of thinking and acting vigorously for themselves. And, before the Germans could seize the advantage that their gas had won for them, the Canadians had stretched their line to almost twice its length, occupying the trenches that the French had lost. Four divisions were opposed to them, and artillery that in the next two days simply tore their trenches to pieces. They were holding 9000 yards of trenches with the men who had been thought only barely sufficient for 5000 yards. *Yet they held.*

All night they held, and all the next day, and all the next night. Beating off attacks and counter-attacking, losing the woods on their left and gaining them again, being forced back out of the little town of St. Julien, rallying and driving the Germans before them from house to house and street to street, without artillery or infantry support, for two nights and a day they held on, and saved the Allied line at Ypres.

Many stories are told about those awful hours at Ypres which have not found their way into the official accounts. Here is one of them: Back of the town of St. Julien, far enough back to be well protected, the Canadians had a hospital filled with convalescents. They lay there on that fatal Thursday afternoon, bandaged and nursed, but in good spirits and well along toward recovery, when suddenly the news flew about that a gas attack had been made. The French had been forced to give ground.

With feverish haste the nurses and doctors made preparations to move their patients back to safety. When they came to get their men, every bed except three was empty. And in those three beds were three men swearing terribly, men who couldn't get up and walk because they had lost one or both feet. The others were gone—not back, but forward, hot foot to the trenches. Most of them died, but they sold their lives dearly. They had their share in holding the line those terrible two nights and a day.

A Terrible Story of the Ypres Battle

THEY tell another story, also about that battle. When the Canadians reached out to occupy the French trenches, the left of their line was forced back until it rested on a wood. Later they lost that wood, and still later took it again. I have forgotten the French name of that wood, if it had a name, but no one can forget the name that the Canadians gave it. They call it Crucifixion Wood: and they say that when they retook it the second time, they found three of their companions crucified on its trees, bayonets thrust through their hands and feet.

There had been a good many articles in German newspapers of the general character of the following extract from the *Rheinische Westfalische Zeitung:*

"Germany not being at war with the United States, citizens of that country taken with arms in their hands should be considered marauders, and executed."

There can be no mistaking the meaning of that warning. The war is none of the business of the people on this side of the Atlantic, it says. Let them stay out; and if they don't stay out they will be sorry for it.

The Canadians interpreted what they found in Crucifixion Wood as the same warning in other form. "Stay out of this war, Canadians and Americans," it was meant to say. "This is what you'll get if you don't."

The official dispatches contain no record of "Crucifixion Wood," so far as I can

find. Its story may be true, or it may be false, as so many other horrible stories of this war will doubtless prove to be later. But, true or false, it needs not to be written in despatches; for it is written on the heart of every member of the Canadian contingents and the American Legion. And the Germans who have had to face Canadians and Americans in the trenches since that day, if they know the story of Crucifixion Wood, must many times have cursed the day when the Canadians retook it and found its dreadful message there.

The "White Gharkas"

FOR the Canadians, and the Americans with them, have won a name for their action in bayonet charges. They are known as the "White Gharkas." When they charge they win through, and woe to the men who seek to hold the trenches against them.

The first battalion of the American Legion, officially the 67th, is already in England; by the time this is published it will be on the firing line. Four more battalions are forming—one in Vancouver and Calgary, one in Winnipeg, one in Toronto, and one in Halifax; all Americans, all officered by Americans, every officer lifted up out of the ranks. They are a pretty fine, clean crowds you could not see them without having something jump into your throat, without having a lit of a film across your eyes.

Not all of them, to be sure, have gone to Canada with the same motive as Private Alfred Jenkins. There is, for instance, the type of chap who is represented by Black, an officer with a long service record. Black is a newspaper man and soldier of fortune. "Where liberty is, there is my country," said Franklin. "Where liberty is not," replied Thomas Paine, "there is mine." Wherever there is a good, healthy row going on, there is the native land of Black. There is his home, sweet home.

He was down in Venezuela in the time of Castro, and for mixing up with the revolutionists in some unfortunate fashion he was sentenced to be shot. Castro had a morbid fondness for executions; he used always to be on hand. They couldn't take place too early in the morning for him. So at sunrise, when Black was to disappear, Castro walked on to the scene.

"Just a moment," said Black to his guard. "Give me a moment or two to interview President Castro. I've been following him, trying to get an interview for months."

And Castro, who liked brave men as well as executions, took a fancy to Black, and Black became his secretary.

The Personnel of the American Legion

THERE are some men in the American Legion, like Black, who went for the fun. There are some who went because they owed money, or had run afoul of the law, or preferred death in Flanders to living at home with their wives. There is a proportion of such in every volunteer army; but the proportion in the American Legion is small.

"Knights errant, they are. Clean and fine and red-blooded, endowed with most of the virtues of strong men except the good virtue of patience. Of patience they have none. Twelve hundred of them were supposed to embark in the first battalion. When their colonel reached the dock with his men, he counted them and found eighteen hundred. Six hundred of the second battalion had slipped on the train and stowed themselves away.

"I have kidnapped six hundred of your men," he wired to the colonel of the second battalion. "What shall I do with them?"

"Take them along," was the answer. "When men are as anxious to fight as all that, they deserve to have the chance."

There will be only a few thousand of them at the most, and it will be next spring before the four remaining battalions get to the front. Not a very big drop in the bucket of millions; hardly a decisive factor in the war. But they're a factor that England and France and Russia will not forget, and that we Americans will be glad to remember. They are enough for liberty—even another man's liberty—to die for it. They are a pleasing proof to us that courage and strength and red blood have not departed from us, that we are still worthy of the heritage of our sires. We may not altogether agree with their judgment; we may not all see the war through their eyes. But we can't help being proud of them nevertheless. They remind us, somehow, of the sort of thing we read about in our school histories. They bring the flavor and fragrance of the Minute Men into our too commonplace modern life.

God bless them and keep them and bring them safe home to us—the boys who go to fight in another man's war; the American Legion. May there be some one in its ranks, when the war is over, who can tell its story as it deserves to have its story told.

All Around the Hickory Tree

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Illustrations by William Hottinger

THE girl in the gray motor-coat eyed the tip of her walking boot and frowned.

"Why must we go over it all again, Tommy?" she asked. "I've had a beautiful day so far—please don't spoil it! Look at the wonderful coloring of the woods—isn't it glorious?"

Tommy sagged against a fallen shellbark, his face wiped clean of its eager look. He opened his lips, closed them again, and scowled at the bag of hickory nuts lying in the leaves before him.

"Oh, curse it!" he said. "I wish I were dead."

"I think we'd better start for the car, Tommy," said the girl in the gray motor-coat. "If you're going to have one of those times, I'd rather go back to town."

Tommy cast a glum look in the direction of two other nut-gatherers, who were also reading from their toll. As he watched them his gloom increased.

"Look at 'em!" he said at last. "That chap probably works like a horse from morning till night, and yet he's happy. He's brought his best girl nutting, and they've had a day like a fairy story. That little girl in the red sweater isn't troubled with 'doubts.' She doesn't have to 'feel perfectly sure.' She just puts her head on his shoulder and lets it go at that."

BUT Tommy's surmise was wide of the mark. The trusting attitude of the girl in the red sweater was deceptive.

"Forget it, Spider," she was saying. "Can the married stuff. I'm far you strung as a pal, but that lets me out. I've got a real job now, an' I'm just beginnin' to hang a few rags on myself an' act like I'm alive. Forget it, Spider."

"What's the matter with us havin' a swell time together, kid?" Spider pleaded. "You don't have to cut out the fluff just because yer married. I'll chase you around the limit."

"What on, Spider?" asked the girl in the red sweater. "If I chuck the job, how much have we got left after you come across with cats and the rent?"

"Yer there like a seldin'-machine," said Spider. "See that swell grink over there?" he burst out suddenly. "I wish I was him! I'll bet that dame of his in the pale-lookin' coat ain't askin' him to count his change every time he makes a crack about weddin' bells."

"Look at her!" Tommy was saying. "She doesn't let her father tell her what kind of a chap she wants. That little girl in the red sweater does her own choosing, and the rest of the world can go to the dev—can go hang!"

The girl in the gray motor-coat stared miserably down a red and yellow vista washed in purple shadows. Suddenly it grew misty, as through a veil of moveless rain.

"That's not fair, Tommy," she said. "If I could honestly believe that we could make each other happy—for always—anything daddy could say would make any difference, and you know it. I've come out here with you and run the risk of being horribly criticised; and you don't appreciate it, and talk about that girl all the time, and I wish I hadn't come—and, anyway, how do you know she's like that? She's probably just spooning."

"Spooning!" said Tommy, with scorn. "I should say not! Not that little girl in the red sweater! She's as true as steel."

Two tiny flames in the eyes of the girl in the gray motor-coat dried up the mist through which she had been gazing.

"How perfectly absurd!" she said. "You don't know a thing about it. I think she's spooning."

Tommy rose with sudden determination. He stepped behind a tree, and reappeared with a motor robe and a hamper. He spread the robe on the leaves and placed the hamper beside it.

"I'm going to prove it to you," he said. "I'm going over and ask them to luncheon."

"Tommy! Have you gone crazy? They may be dreadful people!"

"I think not," said Tommy coolly. "And, anyway, they won't bite."

The girl watched with a horrified fascination as he strode toward the other couple. As he approached them the girl in the red sweater was no longer resting her head on the breast of her cavalier. She was sitting up stiffly, her cheeks red.

"You gimme a pain, Spider," she was saying. "I bet she's one of them frosty dames that's tickled sick every time she turns a guy down."

"Not that dame," Spider returned doggedly. "She wouldn't be settin' out here—"

"I BEG your pardon," Tommy's voice interrupted. The couple looked up, startled, and regarded him curiously. "My friend and myself," he began, "are about to have lu—something to eat, and, as we four seem to be alone in the woods, we thought it would be good fun to ask you to share it with us. May we have the pleasure of your company—under the spreading hickory tree?" he finished, with a smile and a bow.

There was an awkward pause. The girl in the red sweater looked at her companion uneasily.

"We got our lunch with us," she said finally. "I don't think we better butt in."

"Oh, don't call it that," Tommy hastened to say. "We should like to have you bring your lunch and add it to ours. Then we could have it together. Won't you come?"

There was another pause; and then the instinct that holds male loyalty to male stirred in the breast of Spider. He must rescue this brother from a predicament.

"Sure, sport," he accepted. "We'll be tickled to death to come— I'm Spider Kelly, an' this is my lady friend."

"That's fine!" said Tommy, holding out his hand. "I'm Tommy Dundee, and my

"She just puts her head on his shoulder and lets it go at that," said Tommy.

lady friend will be glad to meet you both."

The luncheon passed off very well. To be sure, there were moments that had to be met with the business of being earnestly occupied, but they were rare.

The first of these had to do with the shoe-box and its contents. Tommy handled this matter admirably. In the midst of swiftly despoiling the hamper, he lifted out a silver cylinder and passed it to Spider.

"Ever see one of these, Mr. Kelly?" he inquired. "It's a new thing for ladies."

Spider turned the cylinder carefully in his immense palm. Had it been explosive he could not have held it more gingerly.

"Press the button on the side," Tommy directed.

Spider did so, and the head of the cylinder popped off; a concealed spring arrangement flashed this, and pushed eight drinking glasses into view.

"Well, wouldn't that jar you?" Spider exclaimed admiringly; and, while the general interest settled for a moment on the cylinder, Tommy ripped open the shoe-box, placed its four humpies in the center of the spread table-cloth and distributed its four lids one at each place.

The contents of the hamper revealed creamy white slices of cold capon surrounded by a trembling amber jelly; a lobster salad with a wonderful dressing; a fruit punch held rigidly just above the freezing point in a vacuum bottle; and coffee, black as night, which came smoking from another vacuum bottle, and grew richly tawny as thick cream was added.

There were russet salted almonds, and caviar sandwiches so dainty that they were the cause of another of those moments that must be met with tact.

When Tommy signified that all was ready by seizing firmly the bun at his place and attacking it with evident relish, Spider met this compliment by lifting one of the caviar sandwiches to his mouth. It hung suspended a fatal moment—and was engulfed.

"Spider!" came horrifiedly from the girl in the red sweater. "You must be hungry!"

Spider gulped, and embarrassment turned his face to the color of a new brick. Then Tommy came to the rescue.

"Well, if he isn't, I am!" he said; and, with what was left of the bun, he followed Spider's summary methods in disposing of it.

A little later the girl in the gray motor-coat addressed Spider.

"How do you take your coffee, Mr. Kelly?" she inquired.

Spider considered the question with some care.

"I ain't particular," he informed her at last. "Any way you say. I'm strong for a saucer when I can get it, but I've knowed it to taste good right out of a jail."

"Yes?" said the girl in the gray motor-coat with polite interest. "And will you have cream and sugar?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Spider.

"Why, you don't never take cream in your coffee, Spider!" the girl in the red sweater exclaimed.

"No, ma'am," said Spider vaguely, and wiped the back of his neck with a handkerchief whose red field was broken somewhat by a scattering of white horseshoes.

IT is unfair to dwell on such incidents. They were bridged successfully and were forgotten. The colorful peace of the autumn woods drove self-consciousness quietly away.

Conversation was carried on largely by the males of the party. The quick camaraderie so easy for the sons of Adam is denied the daughters of Eve. Also, between the girl in the gray motor-coat and the girl in the red sweater there existed a faint reposnah. Each told herself that the other bore a fine equipment for the feminine business of life, and each had been disparaged by a man who had used the other for his example in so doing.

Therefore, as Tommy and Spider discussed the matters that make up the sporting page, the shadows listened in silence. They seemed to drink in the deeds of Ty Cobb, Christy Mathewson, *et al.*, with rapt attention. Their glances rarely met, yet each was acutely conscious of the other.

"Don't you never play ball yerself, Mr. Dundee?" asked Spider, helping himself from Tommy's offered cigarette-case.

"Not any more, Mr. Kelly," Tommy answered, accepting a bilious-looking cigar from his questioner. "I used to play at school, but that's five years ago now."

The first fraternal puffs of smoke climbed lazily into the still air. A jay lit on a limb above, cocked its head on one side, and observed the remnants of the feast heedlily. A red squirrel scurried past, and presently peeped around a tree-trunk, its tail jerking with anger, as it commented upon intruders in general and the ones under its favorite hickory tree in particular.

AND now could be heard a crackling rustle—the murmured protest of the woodland invaded by the clumsy foot of man. The sound grew nearer, until the members of the luncheon party observed two hulking figures that came on, stopped, and looked at them with swinish eyes. It was a look that brought a shudder to the girl in the gray motor-coat. She put out a slender hand and touched Tommy's sleeve with the tips of her fingers.

"Well, pals," said one of the creatures, with the countenance of a swine and the body of a man, "you've copped out a couple of swell dolls all right, all right!"

He received no response.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" he inquired with truculence. "Can't you guys make a loud rumble when a gent slips you the good word?"

The peremptory voice of Mr. Kelly was now heard in the grove.

"Be on your way!" it said.

For reply there came an easy roll of oaths, ending in:

"Let's see you make us!"

Then rose up without haste Mr. Dundee, late of a certain university. He cast a searching look at Mr. Kelly—one-time sparring partner of Knock-out Sweeny's—who was also on his feet.

"'Don't worry, dearie!' said the girl in the red sweater. 'Our men'll clean up them bums in jig-time.'"

What he saw seemed to satisfy him, for he smiled.

"You take the one on the right," he said briefly.

Mr. Kelly signified his grasp of the situation with equal brevity.

"I got-cha, Steve," he said joyfully.

He made three steps forward, and started a straight left for the mouth.

Mr. Kelly, however, was a shade heavy with food. He had "telegraphed" his blow. His adversary ducked, and motored heavily just over the heart.

Mr. Kelly grinned his approval. He disliked cold-blooded butchery.

"Why, yer there, bo!" he told his enemy.

He slid his left foot forward, made a lightning shift, and shot a smashing right hook for the point of the jaw. He did this with a flash of regret. He felt certain that the end of that swing was the end of the affair. And so it would have been had his foot not slipped on a mossy stone hidden by the leaves. As it was, his fist landed on the bony structure of the head just above the ear; two of his knuckles splintered under the shock, and with them went the use of his good right hand. His adversary staggered dizzily back; but Mr. Kelly, owing to the stone, was off his balance for an instant, and in that instant the brain that had grown cloudy from the impact of the blow, cleared and was again alert.

Mr. Dundee was also in action. While he lacked the also science that distinguished Mr. Kelly, he had been known at school as a "fast big man." Also he felt a loathing for the thing before him, who had looked with the eyes of a beast at the only girl in the world, and his breast was hot and his eyes were cool as he opened the attack.

He met a tough customer, who loved war and knew how to conduct himself at the game. Mr. Dundee took many a blow, but his anger covered his sense of feeling like armor. He never knew when he was struck. He simply threw the weight of his heavy rowing shoulders into every blow and pumped them into that hateful face and body.

While the battle raged, the girl in the gray motor-coat and the girl in the red sweater became, for a time, sisters in distress. They were standing behind the big hickory tree, holding each other by the hand. It was the girl in the gray motor-coat who had first sought what comfort was to be derived from the clasp of the warm little fingers hanging so close to her own. The situation bore hard upon her sensibilities. Her fiber had not been toughened by the coarser environment in which the girl in the red sweater had played her little part. The latter seemed to feel this, for she squeezed the fingers that shook within her own.

"Don't worry, dearie!" she said. "Our men'll clean up them bums in jig-time."

As it became evident to the girl in the gray motor-coat that this prophecy was to be fulfilled, her spirits rose. She became possessed of a feeling of exultation like nothing she had ever experienced before. This feeling must have come down to her from some maiden of the past who had watched a good knight place his body between herself and harm, and splendidly do his devoir. Her eyes were wide and riveted on "her man," as the girl in the red sweater had called him. Yes, he was her man! She grew rosy at the thought.

By the time two badly punished toughs had been allowed to stagger dizzily away, she was stripped of all weakness.

THE girl in the gray motor-coat and the girl in the red sweater unclasped their hands with a final pressure, and advanced to meet the conquerors.

The girl in the gray motor-coat felt a weakness in her knees. Of course, he would see at once. She feared that others would also see how abjectly and completely and for all time she was his. It must be written in her face as on a printed page. She wondered why they had not already noticed the loud thumping of her heart. She looked up into her hero's battered countenance.

"Oh, Tommy!" she faltered.

And then the girl in the gray motor-

coat received a shock. This was a man's moment.

"All over!" said Mr. Dundee, his vision still obscured by the red haze of battle. He turned swiftly to Mr. Kelly, comrade in the fight.

"Spider," he said, and threw his arm across the other's shoulder, "you're a peach!"

"Tommy," said Spider, "yer some bear-cat yerself!"

The girl in the gray motor-coat thanked fortune for this respite. He had not seen—and now she could choose her own time for surrender. She told herself it would not be to-day nor in the presence of any one else. It would be led up to with delicious reluctance, with tantalizing half confessions, with forethought and delicate art.

THEY spent a glorious afternoon together, chattering like the squirrels whose pretender they garnered. In a ridiculously short time the sun shot its reddened beams out of the level west and the woods were carpeted with flame. Then a slender sickle of pale gold hung in an open glade.

It was the new moon. They looked at one another, startled.

"What do you know about that?" Spider asked ingeniously. "Why, it ain't four o'clock yet!" It was nearly five, however, by his big silver watch.

Tommy told Spider that his car was only a roadster with two seats.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said regretfully. "I should like to run you in."

"Cut it—you make me nervous!" said Spider, with a grin. "But I guess if there's a pinch you belong. A little more," he added admiringly, "and it 'u'd been man-slaughter for yours."

"But how will you get back?" Tommy insisted.

"Don't worry none about us," said Spider. "We'll beat it over to the car line an' hit town with bells on."

There seemed nothing further to say, but it had been a wonderful day, and they drifted to the hickory tree and stood beneath it in silence.

SUDDENLY it came to Tommy that he had not made his original point concerning the girl in the red sweater.

"Spider," he asked, "you two aren't married, are you?"

A shade passed over Spider's brow. He opened his mouth to reply, but the girl in the red sweater spoke first. A pair of gray eyes which matched their owner's coat had seemed to challenge her at the question. The girl in the red sweater knew dimly that such eyes never looked up from a man's shoulder until a promise had been given. She remembered that she must have been observed prior to the breaking of bread together. *Her* champion had proved himself, mettle for mettle, with the other, and was she to admit inferiority? She looked into the gray eyes, her chin slightly tilted.

"Not yet," she said. "But I wouldn't be feelin' Spider, an' roamin' out here with him, if we wasn't goin' to marry."

Tommy gave a meaning look at the girl in the gray motor-coat. He failed to see that Spider's jaw had dropped slightly.

"Congratulations!" he said heartily, holding out his hand. "When is it going to be, Spider?"

Spider met the chap with agility.

"To-morrow!" he exploded like a bomb. "To-morrow—or I'm a goat! An' say, Tommy, how about you and yer lady friend there?"

"I'll let her speak for herself," said Tommy.

And now the tables were turned. Of the three pairs of eyes that she must face, the girl in the gray motor-coat felt only the ones above the red sweater. She met them steadily, however.

"I think you're right—about not feeling a man," she said. "Tommy and I are not married, but"—she hesitated slightly, the color leaping to her face—"I hope we shall be—soon."

The Triflers

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Illustration by George E. Walsh

MONTE slipped on his sweater with the black "H" and took a plane against the wall at Marjory's feet.

"All comfy?" he asked.

"Yes, Monte," she answered. "Only I feel awfully selfish. What are you going to sleep upon?"

"A blanket."

If it had been possible to do so, she would have given him the mattress and slept upon the ground herself. To know that he was comfortable, actually she would have rested better than to be comfortable herself.

"It's no more than I have done in the woods when I couldn't make camp in time," he explained. "I had hoped to take you some day to my cabin near the lake."

She could think of nothing better than.

"It must be beautiful there."

He looked up.

"It always has been, but now—without you—"

"You mustn't let me make any difference," she put in quickly.

"Why not?"

"Because you mustn't. You must go on just as if you had never met me."

"Why?"

He was as direct as a boy.

"Because that's best. Oh, I know, Monte. You must trust me to know what is good for you," she cried.

"I don't believe you know even what is good for yourself," he answered.

"I—I know what is right," she faltered.

He saw that he was disturbing her, and he did not want to do that.

"Perhaps in time we'll see," he said. "I have a notion that some day you and I will get straightened out."

"It doesn't make so much difference about me, but you—you must get back to your schedule again as soon as ever you can."

"Perhaps in a new one; but that must include you."

She could not help the color in her cheeks. It was beyond her control.

"I must make my own little schedule," she insisted.

"You are going back to the farm?"

She nodded.

"To-morrow we shall be in Italy. Then a train to Genoa and the next boat," she said.

"After that?"

"In a week or so I shall be back where I started."

"Then?"

She laughed nervously.

"I can't think much ahead of that. Perhaps I shall raise chickens."

"Year after year?"

"Maybe."

"If you lived to be seventy you'd have a lot of them by then, wouldn't you?"

"I—I don't know."

It did sound ridiculous, the way he put it.

Next serial begins in our issue of October 8.

"Then—would you will them to some one?" he asked.

He was laughing at her. She was glad to have him do that rather than remain serious.

"Please don't make me look ahead to seventy," she shuddered.

"SURE you're comfortable?" Monte added a little later.

"It's impossible to feel altogether comfortable when you're selfish," Marjory declared.

He took a thoughtful puff of his cigarette.

"I think you're right about that," he answered. "Only in this case there's no reason in the world for you to feel like that, because I'm comfortable too."

"Honestly?"

"Cross my heart. I'd rather be here than in the finest bed in Paris."

"You're so good," she murmured.

With all her muscles relaxed and with him there, she felt as if she were floating in the clouds.

"It's strange you've always had that notion, because I'm not," he replied. "Do you want to go to sleep, or may I talk a while longer?"

"Please to talk."

"Of course," he ran on meditatively, "something depends upon what you mean by being good. I used to think it was merely being decent. I've been that. It happened to be easy. Being good, as I see it now, is being good when it isn't easy—and then something more."

She was listening with bated breath, because he was voicing her own thoughts.

"It's being good to some one besides yourself," he continued. "Forgetting yourself for them—when that isn't easy."

"Yes, it's that," she said.

"I don't want to boast," he said; "but, in a way, I come nearer being good at this moment than ever before in my life."

"You mean because it's tiresome for you to sit there?"

"Because it's hard for me to sit here when I'd like to be kneeling by your side, kissing your hand, your forehead, your lips," he answered passionately.

She started to her elbow.

"I shan't move," he assured her. "But it isn't easy to sit here like a lump on a log with everything you're starving for within arm's reach."

"Monte!" she gasped. "Perhaps you'd better not talk."

"If it were only as easy to stop thinking!"

"Why don't one's thoughts mind?" she cried. "When they are told what's right, why don't they come right?"

"God knows," he answered. "I sit here and tell myself that if you don't love me I should let it go at that, and think the way I did before the solemn little pastor in Paris got so serious over what wasn't meant to be serious. I've tried, little woman. I tried hard when I left you with Peter. I couldn't do it then, and I can't do it now. I hear over and over again the words the little minister spoke, and they grow more wonderful and fine every day. I think he must have known then that I loved you without knowing it, or he would not have uttered them."

The leaves in the olive trees rustled beneath the stars.

"Dear wife of mine," he cried, "when are you coming to me?"

He did not move. She saw his broad shoulders against the wall. She saw his arms folded over his chest as if to keep them tight. She saw his clenched lips.

"God help me to keep silent," she prayed.

So she did not answer. Because she did not answer he did not speak again.

The stars darted shafts of white light at them both as if to rouse them, but without result.

Hours and hours she lay awake, watching him. Then she fell asleep; and when she awoke again, he was still sitting there with his eyes wide open, his arms folded.

THEY crossed the border at three that afternoon, because all day she had walked as fast as she could, refusing to stop even for lunch. There was need of haste. Every hour longer that she was with him now would cost her a year of heart-ache. Something still worse might happen. Every moment she allowed herself to think at all, she found herself weakening. That cry was ever in her ears: "Dear wife of mine, when are you coming to me?"

Supposing that, after all, his love really were as genuine, as deep, as overbearing as he now thought it was? Supposing that, in spite of everything, her poor worthless self had actually roused in him the sort of love that had been roused in her? That she was undeserving of it was true enough; but what if, notwithstanding that, it had come? She had struggled her best to keep in him that love unsullied for some one of better worth. It was none of her doing that she had traveled upon the open road with him. Chance had made it very hard for her. Had she been left to carry out her own plans, she would by now have been miles and miles away from him. He would have had no opportunity to see her or tell her of his love. This would have made it easier for them both.

She had only to be careless once with her eyes, to allow a single ungarnished word to slip her lips, and she would stand revealed before him.

They crossed the frontier at three, when if he had had his way they would have taken another day. She crossed the frontier exhausted physically and mentally, craving only a place to hide her head and to cry a little. They boarded a train and went at once to Genoa, arriving there late at night. All the way he was as considerate of her as of a child. But he had grown silent, and all his buoyant joy seemed to have gone from him. On the train he sat with his arms folded and stared moodily from the window, except when she spoke to him.

THEY found some difficulty in securing accommodations in Genoa; but they had come again into the land of taxis, and with the aid of one he finally secured a room for her.

"You have found a place for yourself?" she asked.

"I'll find one," he answered indifferently. "It's almost morning anyway, and I'll have to be up early to see about a boat and securing more funds. You'd better sleep late."

He looked pale. Impulsively she extended her hand.

"You'll take good care of yourself?" she pleaded.

But she was the one who should have taken care of him, and she knew it. In the eyes of the world he was her husband. Instead, she was forced to watch him go out into the night because to have allowed him to remain would have told him too much. The love she should have been proud to reveal she must hide.

She closed the door upon him, and flung herself on the bed in a stupor.

She was roused by a sharp rapping. She found it daylight. She had slept in her clothes. She heard Monte's voice:

"Marjory."

She drew her tousled self to the door and opened it a crack.

"You must be on the ship in an hour," he said.

From that point on she moved in a daze. She managed to do over her hair and straighten herself while he waited outside for her. Then she remembered getting into a cab with him, and hearing something about how he had met a friend who introduced him to his bank. So his credit had been restored and he had been able to secure for her a state-room—at what price he never told. He handed her five hundred dollars in gold, and she took it. She merely obeyed his commands.

On the ride to the wharf, after he had completed these details, he was silent. He went aboard with her and found her state-room on the overcrowded ship. They forced their way through groups of hysterical men and women who had paid fabulous sums for places in the steerage. She saw them in a blur. Then, for a moment, he stood before her.

"It was late that day when he awoke. His head was still in her lap. "Have we died yet?" he muttered."

"I'm doing this because I know it's what you want, Marjory," he said.

"Yes, Monte."

"In a little while you'll be ready and then—"

He choked himself and held out his hand.

"S'long," he said.

She felt her hand in his. Then she saw him smile.

"You'd better go to bed right away."

Then he went. For a moment she could not believe it. He had gone and left her alone here. She staggered to her bunk and sat down. He had gone, and she did not know where. She had not even asked him. She could not even write to him now. There was no way of getting word to him, no matter how badly she needed him.

She stumbled from her cabin in a panic. She made her way through the crowd that filled the cabins and stairs. On deck were other crowds. She pushed on to the gangplank, and looked down into the faces of those upon the pier. His was not among them.

He had gone!

ONE of the many early events of the great war, the news of which was suppressed for diplomatic reasons, was the blowing up of the Italian liner *Santa L—*, either by a floating mine or by a bomb from within, ten hours out from port.

When the shock came, Monte, in his red sweater, was sitting with his back to the door of Marjory's state-room, half asleep. He was permitted to be there because he had engaged the accommodations in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Covington, and then had tipped every one in sight for the privilege of sleeping outside instead of inside. The explosion and the lurch of the ship threw him some five feet, but he picked himself up and made a running jump at her door, striking it with his shoulder. The lock gave.

"Marjory!" he shouted.

"Here, Monte."

She opened her door. Already she had flung on some clothes.

Snatching two life-preservers from below the bunk, he called to her to stand in front of him. There in the dark he adjusted one about her warm, trembling form. The other he slipped over his own head as he seized her hand and dragged her after him. It was a free-for-all fight to reach the deck; but, holding her hand in a grip of iron, he pushed his way through. Then, upon his hands and knees, still holding her, he crawled up to the rail to where a frantic squad of men were lowering a boat. Stooping, he lifted her and threw her in. He heard her wild cry above the cries of a hundred others. The sailors, crazed with excitement, were accomplishing nothing. Then the ship lurched again, this time toward the boat, and the crazed squad leaped for the water, now only a few feet below them. The motion loosened the tackles, and the boat swung free. Monte jumped for the water. As he came up he called her name.

"Here, Monte," she answered, within a few feet of him.

A COUPLE of strokes toward her voice brought him to the boat. He pulled himself over the side. He fumbled about in the bottom for oars, found them, and adjusted them in the oar-locks. In the shrieking confusion about him, his only thought was to pull away far enough from the sinking ship to keep out of the suction. He could not see a foot before his face, but a dozen times he rowed toward some appealing voice, only to have it vanish. It was useless to try to save any one in that inky hell. So he put his back into the oars, and rowed and rowed and rowed out into the silence. Soon it was as if they were in a pit. There was no light above them; none below them; none about them. No sound came to them.

"Are you there, Marjory?" he called.

"Here, Monte," she answered.

"Are you cold?" he demanded.

"No." But her teeth chattered.

He peeled off his sweater.

"Put this on," he ordered.

"No—no. You need it."

"Put it on," he ordered peremptorily. "I'll keep warm rowing.

He began to row again.

During the night the clouds cleared and the moon came out. He could see her, a dishevelled heap in the stern. His heart leaped for joy.

At last the sun came above the horizon and began to warm her. He thanked God for that. But nowhere was there either land or ship in sight. He turned his bow toward the sun—toward the east. If there was fresh water aboard he had a chance. He told her to search the stern, and drew in his oars and searched the bow. He found a keg holding a gallon. Also a box of sea biscuit. His chances for saving her were more than doubled. He carried the keg to her side and, making a dipper of his hands, poured out a little and ordered her to drink. She was glad enough for the sip. Then he pretended to pour more for himself, but his hands went to his parched lips dry. He had none to waste upon himself.

Then he went back to his oars and rowed.

ON the third day, at about noon, she was sitting with her chin in her hands, watching his strong arms swing back and forth. His eyes were heavy and there was little power in his stroke. For the hundredth time she begged to be allowed to relieve him. He shook his wabbly head.

"Land—before night," he murmured.

Then he dropped over into the bottom of the boat and lay sprawled out his full length. The crash had come sooner than he expected. His system was burned out for lack of water.

She fell to her knees beside him.

"Monte!" she shrieked.

He made no answer. With a supreme effort she turned him upon his back. His lips looked shriveled. She picked up the keg, and found it half full. Then she guessed. He had been saving it for her! He had made the supreme sacrifice that a man can make for the woman he loves. He had challenged death for her.

But to what end if he died and left her alone? Good God in heaven, to what end if he left her alive?

Frantically she moistened her handkerchief, and put it to his lips. In response, nature opened his clenched lips while he lay unconscious. She lifted the keg and gently poured the water into his mouth. Automatically he swallowed. She gave him more. He should have all. What mattered it whether she lived or not, if she could give him a few more hours of life? She bathed his forehead and face with the precious liquid, his head in her lap.

At length he opened his eyes. He found her own above them. They came nearer—nearer—until her lips brushed his own.

"Husband of mine," she breathed.

Again she moistened her handkerchief and squeezed the water upon his lips.

"What—what are you doing?" he cried hoarsely. "You must save that—for—"

He struggled to get to his feet. Again she stooped and kissed his lips.

"My man!" she whispered. "My own big, brave man!"

"Wife," he breathed.

Then he closed his eyes and slept.

It was late that day when he awoke. His head was still in her lap. She too had slept, but as he stirred her lips bent over his again. He was light-headed.

"Have—have we died yet?" he muttered.

"We've just begun to live, dear one," she answered. "Even if we die, if only we go together we shall have just begun to live."

"Together," he agreed—"it doesn't much matter whether we live or die."

He sat up weakly. His eyes swept the horizon. Behind her, not five hundred yards away, he saw a ship. A boat had already put out toward them.

"God—see!" he shouted. "We're going to live, after all—you and I."

She did not even turn her head.

"Forever and forever," she nodded dimly.

The End

RAILROAD GIRLS

HEREAFTER the dare-devil will run as follows: "If will not run on Sundays, holidays, or on days when the conductress has to wash her hair. The will not stop at Whitely on if the brakewoman makes up with the station agent." The railroads are being taken over by the women. Mark what the latest says: our tax dark reveal. Here is Miss Carrie Benton of the B & O first dining-car stewardess in America. Business has increased 400 per cent since she took over the car.

HERE'S little Helen Holmes, engineer, ex-driver's niece to the engineer, and her husband at her direction. "Good morning, dear," he says. "kindly climb into that engine." dicker hesitates, and Husband immediately starts another engine crashing into hers from the opposite direction. "Over off, you fool, darling," he continues. "Very good, now crash under this overhead bridge and grapple with the assailant you will find on the other side. And yet, it weighs what it must, burning keeps the steam up, it will protects the fire, loves a dead

THESE three people in the scene picture anxiously seeking a train passenger agent, are consulting Miss Daisy Dern, the only woman train passenger agent in the United States. Miss Dern's job on the Burlington is to know what time the four o'clock train leaves, and why at Ogden, Utah, and the also think if any man left home at six this morning she is at Gary, Indiana by now and all the rest.

IF you ever happen to be in a wreck on the N. N. L. & I. R. R. write "Gould it for years hoping for something to happen, so we could use such stuff, but nothing ever has. However, if you ever do happen to be so unfortunate be sure your hair is combed before crawling out of the wreckage. Miss Katherine Ruth Blecker is employed by the railroad for no other purpose than to take motion pictures of wrecks and any thing else that might start a turmoil. Jim dance around happily at the wreck, and then come limping into the smart cinema. he pictures will show you up as sure as shoot

WE are not crazy on the Rear Railroad in mid-up countenance with this announcement. viz. By buying a ticket in New York over the Erie and riding out to Shirley, New Jersey one may have the pleasure of buying a return ticket to New York from Miss Marie Riley, the station agent there. Miss Riley is also one of the youngest station agent in the country.

WHEN Mrs. Piggie Clark of Nashville wants to take a stockholders meeting of the Nashville & Kentucky Northern Railway, she sits down at her desk and reflects her thoughts. The N. & K. N. is Mrs. Clark's own. took stock, and there and she is as proud of it as if ran across the continent instead of between

Almost any telegram Tennessee, thirty miles. Where her husband left the road in her it was only two months out of the hands of a receiver. Gallantly to the world builds a courtesy against it. And Mrs. is a little wavering about the right time day. her cares could walk the whole length of the line in eight hours.

YES—BUT YOU OUGH

Photograph by Paul Thompson

THE present war is "an old man's war" old kings and old diplomats started it, old cabinet ministers and old generals keep it up. The young men don't do much about it except die in it at the rate of 10,000 a day. Young Mr. Laurence Salmon here, though aged four, is having some extra time on his hands—they haven't made him start school yet—is mustering Canadian soldiers for His Majesty by singing patriotic songs. Here he is at Lake Louise (the scenery in the back is Victoria Glacier), saluting the Governor-General of Canada, to whom his services are indispensable.

WHEN school closed last June, Billy Packhaven, of Sumner, Washington, borrowed $ 00 from himself (it was all he had in the bank) and put up this neat little lemonade stand half a mile from town, where hundreds of pickers camp in the raspberry and blackberry season. Realizing the value of snappy advertising, Billy hand-decorated signs reading, "Yes, We Have Fine Bacon and Eggs" and "If We Haven't Got What You Want We'll Get It." On the last day of July, Bill's mother presided over the muffin in cash register while he banked his original $ .00 and $26.68 clear profit.

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NO, not Mary and her lamb: Alexandra Smith of Devonshire, England, and her sheep. Its wool was white as snow underneath, but quite piratically tan top. They held a competition for women farmers over there early in the summer and Alexandra—who is only fifteen—won the championship over many grown-up rivals. Her speed and dexterity in helping her pet off with his winter coat was the deciding event that got this young Englishfarmerette the prize.

ON his tenth birthday, Loren Schleh's father put him in entire charge of the dining-room in his hotel. The Tavern," which hundreds of motorists visit when crossing through Saline. Madison seems takes all the orders and sees that they're properly filled, and has never once been known to serve a warm salad or a cold stew. Breakfast, dinner and supper see Loren bowing his patrons to their seats and gratifying their every whim; but from nine to twelve and from one-thirty to four he is a hard-working seventh-grader.

Photograph from W. S. Perkins

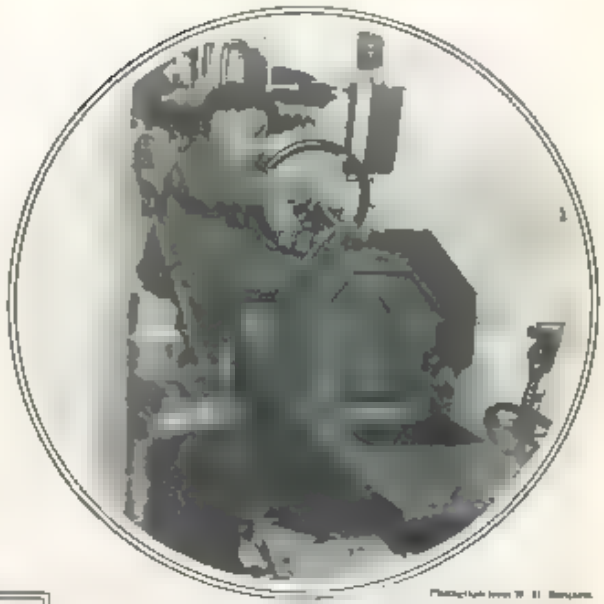
YOU remember Baby Buntling, whose father apparently had no office hours. Well, this is his twin brother, Hope Harris of Parker, South Dakota, the only son of Mr. A. Harris, the druggist. Hope is only eight, and he promises to be the youngest person to hold a hunter's license in his State. From one of his recent Saturday rabbit-hikes Hope brought home five jack rabbits, and it is a rare thing indeed when he fails to bring down any duck on the wing that has happened to catch his young hunter's eye.

Photograph from Mrs. H. L. Harris

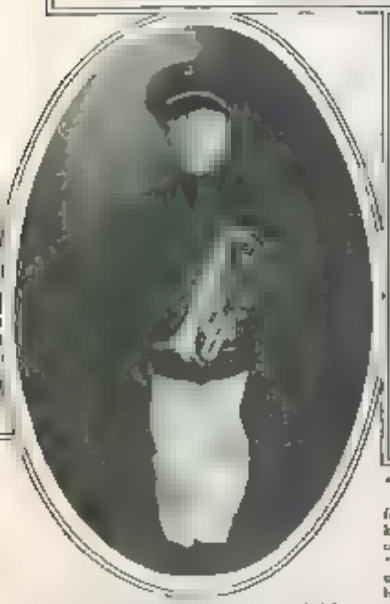
HT TO SEE OUR SON

SOME people, although they won't admit it, have played post-office, but Maida Lynch works at hers. She is one of the youngest postmistresses in the government service. It all began because Maida was great at math at the Cambridge High School (one often wonders how those people who were good at math turned out). Maida can pick up a sheet of stamps, such her eye carelessly down one side and up the other and know to a postal card just how many letters Mary Brown has written Johnny Jones this week.

Photograph from E. Wilbur Pomeroy



HARRY C HONG SLING'S father runs a very popular chop-suey restaurant in Chicago, but Harry is not interested in bird's-nest soup or almond-blossom sweet. What he wants to know is which will produce the best results, a fracture or a selective gear transmission. Harry is ten now and has already outdone mechanicians of our times in his age in assembling a car that really goes. Being a good China boy, Harry reverences his parents; but sometimes he does wonder at their lack of taste in having once taken him out in a perambulator without a self-starter.



OUR young friend Jack Gerstad is all right now and we urge him to enjoy the honors and perquisites that go with being the youngest cornet soloist in the United States while they blossom. The time will come when he will sit longer be "very cute and only six." The day will dawn when he will no longer live securely with his family in Pike, Michigan, amid kind-hearted neighbors who have always known his folks. But let it open up to be seventy-three with any artist less we have lived in the meantime to a cornet soloist, and we say to Jack in all seriousness to take up a safe pursuit, like aviating on the side.

"OH, dear yes," says Miss Gladys Parkin, of San Rafael, California, "I have been keen on wireless for five years or more—she is now fifteen). "Brother John, you see, put up an amateur station at home and of course I just stuck around all the time. Then, when John took his government exam for his license, I thought I might as well have a try at it too, just for fun. I got a mark of 80. John got a better experience mark, but I beat him on code interpretation." "What a lovely license!" say Gladys's young friends. "What more can you want now?" "A job," says Miss Parkin.

Photograph from Yale Camera

ALL big railroad presidents from little train-boys grow. The old who goes through the train to-day and so sociably advises you what magazine to buy will be playing golf on his private course to-morrow when you call around, hat in hand, to ask for a job for your brother-in-law. Lyman Campbell at twenty-four is the youngest train-master in the country. At the time we go to press he is in charge of the Chicago division of the Baltimore & Ohio system. We can't guess what heights he may have reached by the time you read this.

NOTICE to motorists! There is a particularly good mile of road near the town of Academy, South Dakota, and travelers through that part of the State have an especially delightful minute or so of going as they speed over it. For which thanks are due to Mr. Leonard Faurk, aged seven, who drags the stretch in question. Leonard's good work is not altogether inspired by a passion for community improvement. He receives $ a week for his labors.

Photograph from O. H. Geyer

WHY NOT CALL YOURSELF "PROFESSOR"?

CAN you play a jew's-harp adeptly, swing an axe-handle better than the average lumberjack, or eat soup more tunefully than your neighbors? Then why be modest? Label yourself "Professor." Others have done so, including Professor Mike Donovan, for many years boxing instructor in the New York Athletic Club. In Mike's younger days he was a champion middle-weight. Now at sixty-eight Mike draws a pension from the club and enjoys his table.

Photograph from Frank C. Moore

AND to the right, ladies and gentlemen, we have Professor Rose Reeves, professor of "expression and impression." Many people bungle hugely the same expression for everything. One has only to think a moment to see how absurd this is—the same expression for your wife and your tailor for instance. In the picture the Professor is registering the proper expression of surprise when hearing one of our calendars read aloud.

Photograph from H. Manhattan

PROFESSOR GUSTAVE MEYER, the "Nation's Counselor" prophesied the assassination of President McKinley, the defeat of Alton B. Parker and now predicts that the war will end in July, 917 with a German victory. The fact that the Professor's name is Gustave and not Pierre or Tommy has nothing to do with the prediction. The stars are responsible. The stars have all kinds of messages for all kinds of people, but here's a curious thing: they seem never to have heard of anybody who can't raise at least five dollars.

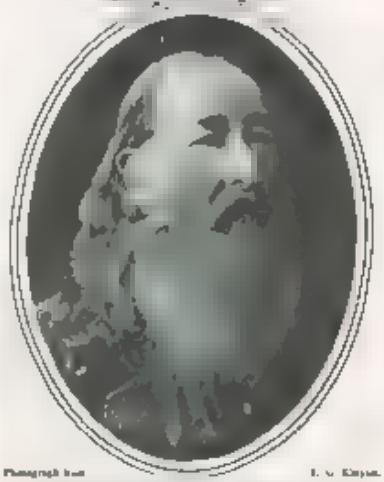
Photograph by [illegible]

PROFESSOR WATKIN DAVIS of Philadelphia used to appear on the stage just between the trained dogs and the strangled sisters of a "musical sextette" and his weekly remuneration was $70. Then Billy Sunday or somebody caught the Professor in an off night and he beat it to the Professor knew he was holding evangelistic meetings and rushing to the collection plate to whatever he spirit moved them to give. Nowadays his investment brings $20 a week, but not always. Meanwhile the Professor has the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing good.

Photograph from H. Davis

AND, finally, we have positive proof that, though Nature may humble a man at the feet of he mighty, she can not keep him from becoming a Professor. Nature made one Bulfinch Street, Boston, a bootblack. But one bought a piano, and while he plays sweet music to lure the customers on, he hires assistants to get their fingers in the blacking. What a beautiful lesson is here, my children. Though your hands be black, your heart may still be pure; and though you have never gone to college, still no one can ever stop you from being a Professor.

Photograph from A. Hughes



Photograph from [illegible] E. & Kaplan.

YEARS ago Professor John Tilton took a brief course of study in chiropody before the title Professor. The later years of his life have been devoted to inventions and to mining, with incidental attention to interesting divorces in his inventions and mines. All legal documents he signs, with a flourish, "Professor John Tilton, Inventor and Mine Owner." We have never met the Professor but we can not help remarking to ourselves how much misery we might have saved on necktie, had we only let Nature have her kindly way upon our close-shorn chins.

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

VANISHING BATTLE-SHIPS

T[illegible] of a fortification's guns, deliver a smashing broadside, and crawl back to [illegible] and all of the time be perfectly [illegible].

Those men of the sea whose business is to destroy—meaning the naval architects who design dreadnoughts, destroyers, and other fighting craft, together with the crews of these ships—have long cherished [illegible] would [illegible].

[illegible] conning-tower and periscope tube were painted to resemble a barber-pole. The colors were not barber-pole colors, however: they were a dull drab of grays and yellows and sea blues, which dissolved and disappeared into each other.

"You see," said the lieutenant in [illegible] barber-pole [illegible] with the grays and greens of the deep sea. They use the same principle, on a cruder scale, with the battle-ships.

A smoke-gray ship is an excellent target, declares Abbott Thayer [illegible] battle-ships seem to be blending [illegible] with the sky and sea quite satisfactorily

They are painted a smoke-gray, so that at sea they [illegible].

We can [illegible] delight [illegible] guard our shores should have [illegible] but after we read what Abbott Thayer had [illegible] register doubt.

Mr. Thayer is one of the world's most famous artists. In an article published in the New York Times [illegible] points that [illegible] gate the ships and shoot the guns are versed in the science of battle, but what they don't know about coloring ships to make them invisible would fill a very [illegible].

Barber-pole periscopes and smoke-gray dreadnoughts are wrong. White is the only invisible color at sea. It is invisible because it partakes of its immediate surroundings, after the manner of a chameleon. In a gray sea it is equally gray; in a blue sea it becomes blue; against a gray sky it is of identical tone.

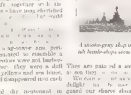
A smoke-gray ship against a gray sky is darker than the sky; against a clear sky it looms so darkly that it seems larger than it actually is. But substitute a glossy, gleaming white ship, and there is no ship at all on the horizon.

Mr. Thayer answers the obvious criticism thusly: "Supposing the sun is shining, won't the white ship reflect the rays?" Awnings make the [illegible] glistening paint—white awnings.

A white battle-ship [illegible].

WILL THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD HAVE IT?

ANY one who makes a close study of the *Patent Office* [illegible] struck by the fact that a large [illegible] centering on a single absorbing thought—to make money out of the automobile business. If he can [illegible] he would be able [illegible].



Different colored lights flash as the automobile [illegible] complete [illegible] and the electric lighting system together

[illegible] also two red. When the car is [illegible] speed of eight miles an hour or less, one orange bulb is lit; when traveling from twelve to twenty miles an hour, two orange lights show; when a speed of twenty [illegible] green [illegible] any speed above forty-two miles [illegible] two red on it.

[illegible]

A LESSON FROM THE SQUAW

No, mother has not borrowed father's galluses. This affair is a specially made harness for carrying babies weighing thirty-five pounds or less.

THE Indian squaw went about gathering corn, making fires, and preparing [illegible] with her papoose strapped to her back. Some one with an [illegible] has brought out a [illegible] squaw would probably [illegible].

[illegible]

FAME AND A LONE DRUGGIST

S[illegible]

This is what Arthur Aren[illegible] of Badger [illegible].

[illegible] worked out a formula for [illegible] which, when [illegible] cloth or wood or other [illegible] makes them as the [illegible].

[illegible] Mr. Aren show them were startling. Delicate fabrics that had been saturated with the stuff

A rug of canvas soaked in Mr. Aren's [illegible] the heat of a gasolene blow-torch

would not burn even under the heat of an [illegible]

HOW LONG IS YOUR RACE?

W[illegible] a man who has nothing to do [illegible] work out calculations from [illegible] figures [illegible] year over the blond; but by the time each of them is seventy they are almost neck-and-neck in the race. The blond man shaves 30 miles and 151 yards, while the dark man has shaved 30 miles and 2340 yards.

Getting back to the original question of whether or not calculation of this variety [illegible].

[illegible] you gasp excitedly.

"[illegible]"

A GARDEN THAT FLOURISHES UNSEEN

IN one of the tower rooms of the American Museum of Natural History is a strange sort of botanical garden, says a writer in the *American Museum Journal*. This is a collection of living microbes, and there are about 700 different strains, occupying test-tubes filled with jelly, on which the microbes look like smears of whitish paste or wrinkled masses of moist brown paper.

Here are practically all known types of bacteria [illegible] bubonic plague [illegible].

There are the germs of typhoid, diphtheria, whooping cough, cholera, [illegible] gitis, leprosy, influenza, pneumonia, tuberculosis, typhus, and those that cause plant diseases and decompose foods.

These minutest of plants need careful tending. Most of them grow on a jelly made of meat, peptone, and the extract from a Japanese seaweed called agar. Some, however, need milk, others blood, egg, or salt. Some need air; others must be cultivated in tubes from which the oxygen has been removed. Some live for weeks without attention; others must be transferred to a new tube of jelly every three days. When they are transferred, a bacteriologist touches the old group with [illegible].

[illegible] which [illegible] a new bacterium can compare its own, and thousands of cultures are sent out to colleges and universities for study and teaching purposes.

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

WHEN PADEREWSKI GIVES PIANO LESSONS

"If he should always play that note with the fourth finger!" called the great teacher from the next room. "I can hear you do it."

[illegible] Paderewski [illegible] his name [illegible] indulges in dramatic [illegible] he [illegible] at [illegible] pianist, and such has developed significantly [illegible] the wonderful part. He seldom [illegible] after he has begun, and he trusted him, when he has had pupils, he [illegible] taught them to use their wits.

[illegible] Peter Mallory Frederick A [illegible] many. "You [illegible] he wishes [illegible] said simply. 'Madame should [illegible] order by a quick up-arm motion on the next instant his hand is in quite position for the following chord.

"Paderewski imagines, as he [illegible] in our else we [illegible] many lives [illegible] he has a memory of his [illegible] do [illegible] for a stupid [illegible] he knows what [illegible] fingering, and believes that each finger has [illegible] gesture a different tone quality [illegible] when I was playing a composition [illegible] from the other end of the room [illegible] can hear you do it."

[illegible] Mme. Antonia Sawyer was [illegible] walk's only rival. [illegible] conversation [illegible] what [illegible] We worked [illegible] Paris [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WHY EVERYTHING COSTS SO MUCH

EVERY time Europe clinks another gold coin into our bulging banks, wheat and sugar and meat and butter [illegible] grows. In [illegible] has received [illegible] $100,000,000.

[illegible] gold vault of the world. And [illegible] is more and more difficult.

Does this enormous accumulation of gold make us poorer and poorer?

It doesn't [illegible] picture for that great plenty of gold.

This is how gold boosts [illegible] living. Gold is of no more value than brick or lead, except as it represents a universal basis of barter in trade. If [illegible] but a half or a quarter of his flour for five dollars. If the gold increased, and the supply of flour remained low, the amount of flour sold for a given sum would constantly be less.

[illegible] the high [illegible] of these is [illegible] the growing [illegible]

"A present," says the author, "[illegible] still deceiving ourselves in the belief that we shall receive twice as high a price for wheat as [illegible] other things. [illegible] twice as high as [illegible] as high a price for [illegible] but of such inferior quality that it will [illegible] and potatoes, and the shortage is [illegible] meat markets in beef.

[illegible] must be added the [illegible] of war, scarcity of labor, and, most important [illegible] food products. Poor farmer might as well be Midas, for all the good gold will do him."

THIS MAN FINDS LIFE SATISFACTORY

T[illegible]

"I have never tried to drive sharp games with [illegible] from an unfair advantage [illegible] known the difference [illegible] and have got along contentedly and [illegible] by following my own idea

John Burroughs [illegible] doing he wants [illegible]

[illegible] out of my own nature with [illegible] struggle to [illegible] the same [illegible] I have had all and more [illegible]

[illegible] long as you deal honest [illegible] thick out of rewards [illegible] as you can do your work, how much [illegible]

DID ANIMALS CAUSE THE GREAT PLAGUES?

AND now they put the blame [illegible] epidemics on animals. [illegible] cow, all rel[illegible] us milk [illegible] all [illegible]

When the city fathers of Constantinople [illegible] for [illegible] homeless dogs wandering about the streets, they met the difficulty with truly Turkish directness. They simply transported the dogs to a desert island and left them there to [illegible] "Shall dog eat dog?"

without a doubt can give people the rabies and ringworm [illegible] and-mouth disease. Horses have lockjaw [illegible] Rats are the vicarious cause of bubonic plague, which once devastated Asia, the germs being spread by the fleas that rats carry. "The [illegible] was traced to shaving brushes made from [illegible] fever, infant paralysis [illegible] and other infections carried [illegible] clumsily.

As for antelopes, avoid them, says Dr. Davis. They give the sleeping-sickness

GRAY HAIR IN SOLDIERS

THAT gray-haired old veteran of the Great War? He is in reality a stalwart young soldier. Tommy's hair does not "turn white in a single night, but it does turn gray in two weeks," says a Canadian army surgeon in the New [illegible]

[illegible] is just [illegible] or baby or [illegible]. The [illegible] shocks of shell fire do their work unknown to Tommy, who thinks he is very cheerful. He may be [illegible] back from the firing [illegible] his comrades speak daily of his [illegible]

Officers whiten more quickly than their men, and even nurses are not immune.

Gray hair is not confined to young British soldiers, but is common to all the warring nationalities. It is, however, far more pronounced along the Eastern front [illegible] before they are [illegible] By the time they arrive there men who would have been classed as forty give their age as [illegible]

Scientists are now wondering what will be the effect on future generations of this premature aging of millions of men.

NO PLACE IS SAFE IN A THUNDERSTORM

G[illegible] more building or a cyclone cellar. And if neither of these is available you had better buy a lightning-ro[d] [illegible] York American.

[illegible] of escaping a bolt from heaven. [illegible] building is better than an unpro[illegible] the average number of persons [illegible] by lightning, the maximum chances for escape are forty-five in one hundred.

heavily on the forces at his left and so thinned the center of the German line that a gap appeared. Foch, the great military genius of France, [illegible] perceived this gap and took advantage of it. He pushed his forces through, breaking the German line and driving the whole German army before him in headlong [illegible]. His action changed what had seemed imminent defeat into an almost miraculous triumph. He saved the French army, saved France and [illegible] what might have been a six weeks victory for Germany into a long war, with the advantages increasingly on the side of the Allies. [illegible] photograph, published exclusively [illegible] turned

Goldfish at $1000 Apiece

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

F[illegible] that [illegible] elphia is probably the largest [illegible] goldfish [illegible] United States. He started raising goldfish in a bowl in his boyhood, as a side line to spinning [illegible]

[illegible]

For instance, you start with [illegible] catch all the [illegible] the particular shade of red [illegible] Then you notice whether any of [illegible] eyes. If they have, then you've got the [illegible] each [illegible]

When [illegible] themselves to certain water plants with [illegible] aquarium must be provided, the first thing is to see that the father and

This longest [illegible] is entitled a ribbontail calico telescope [illegible] [illegible]

This [illegible] naturally, since its [illegible]

[illegible] Later they graduate into the meat-eating class, and indulge [illegible] such a blood beef, oxtails, salts, a little lime, and desiccated shrimp.

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] has thousands of such goldfish, with all possible varieties of tails, scales, colors, and heads, in his dozen or more tanks.

[illegible] some with the pudgy body, some with a [illegible] luster, his corpulence, and his perfectly marvelous head. When you hold him in your [illegible] like the smoothest flesh, and when you look into his blinking little eyes you are face to face with the forehead, chin, and cheeks of a ridiculous little cherub. King Bul-bul is five years old now. He has [illegible] States, and he's worth a thousand dollars.

[illegible]

[illegible] fish, and for the matter of that [illegible] elderly relatives, are rigidly segregated [illegible]

The Rarest Goldfish Is Blue

IN one particular pool he is busy breeding the rarest of colors into his goldfish —blue. The process, roughly, is to mate the scaleless fish that he has produced with a scaled variety that has spotted or [illegible] markings. The sun does the rest. This year is to see his greatest triumph as a breeder, the production of something far more wonderful than his Hanson-[illegible]

[illegible] he third year it will grow a hood like its daddy. And then I'll have the first Scaleless Blue Lion-Head."

[illegible]

The Fish that Walks by Himself

THE walking-fish is one of the many odd varieties outside the goldfish family which Franklin Barrett has acquired. He calls his one Billie Bounce. Billie's front fins are so strong that he can support [illegible] of all of Billie Bounce's habits, he left him in an uncovered tank, and [illegible]

[illegible] fresh pool when his previous habit [illegible]

[illegible] Men like Barrett and some of the [illegible]

The [illegible] high cost of goldfish. Eggs, which [illegible] may or may not conceal a Lion[illegible] lars a thousand. The ordinary red [illegible] speck of blue on his tail, up goes his price to a hundred dollars. Give them a chance [illegible] limit.

Of course, Mr. Barrett is very respec[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ful about [illegible] clined to [illegible]

A Business You Can Start for $200

THE demand for the trained business woman is far in excess of the supply and the profession offers a better and more pleasant opening for the woman who has the ambition, courage, and self reliance to start a business into the public [illegible] but the [illegible]

[illegible] capital, to [illegible]

After many years' experience as a stenographer during which I had climbed [illegible] rungs of the [illegible] drawing good salaries, I realized that there was wanting the further promotion and independence to which I aspired, attainable only in a business of my own. [illegible]

[illegible] weakest [illegible] enough to [illegible] on lay, for a better and more complete office outfit can be added after the

Executive ability, tact, determination, and a little capital go far toward putting your own name on your office door.

business has begun to grow and its success is apparent.

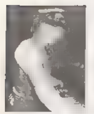
[illegible] one month's rent, $12.50, in advance. I bought a six-by-nine rug for $8. For $22.50 I secured second-hand a $50 oak desk which had been used very little. I [illegible] chairs, a small book-case, desk-chair, and an oak hat-rack—which I was fortunate enough to get from a man going [illegible] I paid $16. The [illegible] of [illegible] lights and a telephone cost $5.50. On the door I had my name done in good style, costing $1.50. This reminded me that [illegible] business cards [illegible] some neat showing only [illegible] and address, but [illegible] the texture of the card were good.

To put my business before the public was the first and hardest step. To do this I not only had to solicit friends but to go among strangers. Any business is hard to begin, but work is a powerful lever in the face of obstacles and disappointments, and perseverance will triumph. Starting in the building in which I was located, I left one of my cards in each office.

At the end of the first year I had worked up a pretty good stenographic business. It has grown yearly, and, while I have had to work hard to [illegible] my public stenographic office.

M. T. R., Birmingham, Ala.

Experts in Baseball and Jam



From $400 a summer to $[illegible] [illegible] summer—that was Magee's story [illegible] labels—that was Miss Smith's.

BEFORE he was famous, Lee Magee was quite a different human being. In the first place, he was known to the world as Leopold Hoernschmeyer. In those days he was a Cincinnati printer, drawing $25 a week, a thing he [illegible] all ashamed of. [illegible] the [illegible] ered him $6500 for two [illegible] each day for six months [illegible] he turned it down in favor of $9200, a season proffered by the Brooklyn Fe[illegible] far off was the $25 a week. His [illegible] was renewed, not expiring until the end of the 1917 season. When the Feds expired, [illegible] Yanks got him for $25,000.

[illegible] may not be quite so expert as pill-grabbers, but they get there just the [illegible]

[illegible] Laura Smith has earned her [illegible] college selling [illegible] for preserv[illegible] Smith lives in Tewksbury [illegible] when the [illegible] her to earn the money for her [illegible]

[illegible] taste in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] trade gems [illegible] for the [illegible] and all for a neat spic[illegible] [illegible] bee. She can hope for no vacations. Every holiday she must devote to her art, planning new labels. Every time a new [illegible]

Why We Can't Get Business in Russia

THE [illegible] efforts of American manufacturers to get business in Russia at the present time are bound to fail. For outside of war material, practically nothing is being imported into Russia from America to-day. Russia needs all kinds of manufactured goods—there is no doubt about that. But as the ruble, which used to be worth 51 [illegible] [illegible] making almost impossible.

M. Sergey Friede, the Russian-American importer and exporter who makes this statement, is not trying to discourage American enterprise in Russia. On the contrary, he is doing everything he can to promote closer commercial relation[illegible] [illegible]. In the last four years he has [illegible] more than $35,000,000 worth of [illegible] automobiles and trucks to Russia, and he has done more than any [illegible] to make American goods popular throughout the Russian Empire.

However, until peace is declared [illegible] least in sight, Mr. Friede believes that all attempts to sell American goods in Russia—except for military purposes—will [illegible] futile. For as he points out, the only commercial port for Russia is Vladivostok, [illegible] 18,000 miles away, and more than 7000 miles from the Czar's capital. Consequently it is a matter of many months before freight consigned to Russian merchants reaches them. The uncertainty of delivery, coupled with the high rates of $75 [illegible] ton, must make it evident that it is useless for American manufacturers [illegible] orders from agents in Russia.

At the present time there is a [illegible] [illegible] no [illegible] to advertise American products in the leading Russian newspapers with a view to selling [illegible] Mr. Frie[illegible] [illegible] For, as he points out [illegible] advertising goods if you can't deliver them.

"American manufacturers know so very little about Russia," said Mr. Friede, [illegible] offices in the Equitable Building [illegible] the writer [illegible] given agencies [illegible] representatives who have [illegible] success in that country [illegible] shipped [illegible]. Most of these agencies are given on the strength of promises that can not be carried out.

"I am not speaking of war material, for [illegible] things in vast quantities are being shipped to Russia. But that will [illegible] with the war and is not a basis for future [illegible] mercial relations.

"Russia never was a manufacturing country, and she can exist for many years without developing factories of large di[illegible] [illegible] distilling mills in com[illegible] [illegible] with the United States or be much [illegible] creased development of its kind [illegible] [illegible] and Germany. She can well afford to develop her soil and [illegible] [illegible] of her agricultural product[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] cheaper than they [illegible]

[illegible] the first place [illegible] [illegible] of goods in Ru[illegible] [illegible] capable and [illegible] worthy to represent America [illegible] [illegible] Russia.

"There are concerns that have [illegible] advertise openly with Russia since the war started—concerns recommended as the best of American exporters and indorsed [illegible]. But their business has been confined to [illegible] conditions. They have not [illegible] ported anything else for the reasons that I have already stated.

"America can hope for nothing [illegible] in Russia if the war doesn't last longer than [illegible] pessimistic now a [illegible]. But before this desired condition [illegible] brought about, the impression that [illegible] be removed. The United States has proved that she is great in supplying [illegible] quantities of war material. But when we speak about commercial [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and sell their goods on credit [illegible] acquainted with the country."

"There [illegible] commercial [illegible] between the United States and Russia in [illegible] there has been no treaty for [illegible] years. But the fact that Russia and the United States have continued to do business is proof that they want [illegible] friends.

The Newest Thing in Pickets

NEBUCHADNEZZAR has been a hard worker in his day. He has packed 200-pound tourists up steep mountain peaks for hours at a stretch, [illegible] once stopping to admire the view. Afternoons on end he has withstood the [illegible] [illegible] make his devotion [illegible] [illegible] reckless ga[illegible] [illegible] now that he has [illegible] could ask any happier fa[illegible] than his present schedule, combined with three [illegible]

[illegible] took notice of him and rules that he was a vehicle, and amenable to the vehicle ordinance, which rules that a vehicle shall not stand on the downtown [illegible]

[illegible] time [illegible] had [illegible] the new system. He slept or thought or did whatever a donkey does while he stands immovable, for forty minutes, then shook his ears, flipped his tail, and moved on at a dignified gait with his caretaker [illegible]

[illegible] *oneself in a good cause* [illegible] *picket when interviewed. "and* [illegible] the [illegible]

Another Nervous Breakdown?

WHAT is it? Just tired out or just *broken down?* If sleep alone no longer suffices to allay the tension of nerves that are overwrought and distracted, a complete collapse may not be far off.

Physicians will frankly tell [illegible] avail—that rest and *nutrition* are the only salvation. And as a scientific means of furthering nutrition they often use Sanatogen, [illegible] itself [illegible] trated nutriment which con[illegible] the starved [illegible] exactly the food that is needed, and especially organic phosphorus, "in such a [illegible] Dr. Saleeby says, "that the [illegible] actually take hold of it."

Several weeks' regular use of Sanatogen has brought to thousands and thousands of nervous sufferers new vigor, fresh vitality and sustaining endurance—with better sleep and better digestion.

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Murder Will Out

If Stefano Manfre had waited until nightfall before driving his wagon out of his barn that day instead of hurrying out in broad daylight, he probably never would have been suspected of the kidnapping of Walter Lamana in New Orleans in 1907, and the case might still be an unsolved mystery. But that precaution was on the part of Stefano but Detective James P. Glynn, knowing, to wonder where Stefano was driving so fast on the day Walter disappeared. And that wonder kept right on growing until it led to the discovery of Walter Lamana's body and the arrest of Stefano's associates in the crime, and their conviction. Another case where every detail was carefully planned in advance—yet one little detail that slipped

HOW many persons must be murdered in order to establish the fact that a murder has been committed? The lives of a number of people were taken in the garden of Gethsemane, but there was no evidence of any character to point to the history of the crime. He had covered his tracks with amazing completeness. There were no prints on the ground, there were no fingerprints. No one at the railroad station could recall the departure of any one at the hour the crime was committed. The authorities were on the point of abandoning the case for lack of a clue, when Pierre Fortunin, the famous Parisian detective, was called into consultation.

A Clue Within an Hour

He declined to hear what had already been done in the case, and insisted upon starting at the beginning as if the case were entirely new. In less than an hour he had found a clue.

That clue was a trousers button.

The local police laughed at him at first, but French trousers buttons have their distinctive mark, and when Fortunin connected the trousers button with the murder, the skeptics subsided.

Consider the case of Leon Oliver, a French antique dealer. He was murdered by two desperate characters. They strangled the inoffensive man, and then robbed him of a number of valuable securities. In order to cover up their tracks, they set him in a big armchair in front of the fire-place. There were no marks of violence on M. Oliver. He appeared to have fallen asleep. Then, to make the thing perfectly natural, they put a newspaper between his right fingers.

That last touch seemed like an inspiration.

But—alas for the vanity of human nature, it proved to be the one thing that spoiled the complete concealment of the crime.

At the beginning all was as well as well could be. The doctor who was called in to the old dealer had died from heart disease. That decision was accepted by all interested. Later it was found that some rare antiques were missing; but somehow the theft was not associated with the death of the dealer.

It was at this stage of the affair that M. Robert, the celebrated French detective, was asked to investigate. He immediately went to the friends of the dead man and his mind to the scene of the crime. Observing his face, one of the officers, one of them remarked with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Think of the fortune the man made by Leon Oliver, a man that could neither read nor write.

The detective made a note of this at once. Oliver had been able to read, and was found with a newspaper clutched between his cold fingers.

The murderers' painstaking attention to details cost them their necks.

Some bonds had been stolen. These were traced through the pawnbrokers, and in the course of time M. Robert caught the villains, who were subsequently beheaded.

The Jiggy Detective Bureau of London, a well-known lobby among Scotland Yard detectives, was murdered on his own premises. A search revealed a pewter pistol shot, but the perpetrator of the dastardly deed escaped. A small shovel was found near the scene of the crime, but has, in itself, meant little. There were thousands of such shovels in London at that very moment. But the inquisitive Scotland Yard man noticed some scratches on the edge of the shovel. He got a magnifying glass and examined the scratches more closely. He discovered that the tool contained dirt and not dust as in London. He visited each one of them with the little shovel. Some were [illegible] with the dirt, but one [illegible] was the guilty shovel.

Was he discouraged?

He was not. He was only beginning to fight.

He was determined to avenge the death of his fellow officer, if it took all summer. The murderer had covered his [illegible] Scotland Yard man felt sure that the very straw on the shovel would eventually prove to be the entering wedge that would pry open the mystery.

And he was right.

He next made a tour of the tool-sharpening houses. One of the shops was kept by a woman named Preston, who had taken her husband's place in the business. She looked at the shovel closely.

"This resembles a tool that was sharpened here some time ago," she said, then:

"What makes you think so?

"Because a husband was in the habit of scratching the names of the [illegible] in the tools that were left here to be sharpened."

An examination of the books proved that the shovel belonged to a young carpenter named Orrick. A further search found him in person, where he was serving a term for robbery. A pistol had been taken from him when he was admitted to the institution, and the bullet found in the head of the murdered policeman fitted precisely into the [illegible].

Nicotine Betrayed Him

LESS than two years ago a mail [illegible] on a train near E. Monte, California, and robbed a carload of passengers of their valuables. Only one man had the courage to fight him, and that man—Horace E. Montague a passenger agent of the Southern Pacific [illegible] the bandit's shots were a blank cartridge and the passengers [illegible] him on him.

Now it happened that Mr. and Mrs. John Hogan, two of the passengers, were on their wedding trip, and one of the articles taken was the wedding ring of the young woman. With the quickness of her sex, she noticed that the forefinger of the bandit was stained yellow. [illegible] Three [illegible] San Francisco, she saw a man [illegible] and was also yellow from cigarette-smoking.

She gave the alarm. The fellow was arrested, and an investigation proved that he was the train robber. The evidence was so conclusive that a Los Angeles jury convicted him without leaving the box, and a few short months he paid the penalty of the law.

The Sport of Kings

Continued from page 5

The girl stood the stair. The [illegible] eyes widened a bit. I patted her arm. She raised a dilator. The girl smoked her nose and he more insulted her.

"I—I look a wonderful," said she. "When I bought her every one was angry. They said I was crazy. But—when [illegible] handed her the ring at the [illegible]

[illegible]

"We are, mat and smooth," I answered. "I had Waterman in the last Brooklyn, and Mermaid in the Saratoga. A nice family."

"You had them?" Aren't they of the Boston strain?"

"I raised for Boston," I answered.

"I am not?" Then you are—why you are Sam Kernan of Kernan's Farm!"

Evidently she hadn't quite heard my sanctimonious statement as the stone effect she looked at me with frank interest.

"I've often heard of you," she said. "My father knew yours."

I smiled. I was always meeting people who had known, or had friends who had known, my father.

"Tom Lelland?" "Was your father?" I asked.

"Was," she said gently.

Then I remembered hearing of her father's death a year or so before. For a moment, as she stood, the mare [illegible] but with the Boston stable any [illegible] I answered. "I'm on my way to [illegible] you're not going to ride?"

[illegible]

SHE was frankly amazed. I looked her fairly in the eyes.

"I was ruled off the turf this morning, Miss Leland," I said quietly. "I'm on my way to look for work."

She was a horsewoman, and the daughter of a horseman. To her what I said meant ruination as much as if to some other girl I'd stated that I'd just received a pardon. Yet beyond a slight raising of her eyebrows, she gave no sign of being shocked. She was a lady and a good sportswoman.

"And I'm certain that you'll find it, Mr. Kernan," she said. Then she held out her hand. "I want to thank you for saving Vermilion from that brute."

"Not at all," I said. "It was only what [illegible]

Her eyes darkened. "I hate to think of [illegible] the mare to any other of those [illegible]

"[illegible] I'm here, and nowhere to go [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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bought the New York papers—a day old—there, and it was some slight gratification to note that the racing gossip contained merely the statement that I had severed my connection with the Benton stable.

It was supper-time when we returned to the *Christina*, and, as Mrs. Clarke had had six hours of motionless rest to aid her recovery, I rather expected to see Miss Leland, at least, at table. But I was disappointed, and so, as we steamed out of Charleston, on the run to Tampa, into weather that seemed sterner than the previous lap of our journey, I gave up hope of seeing her again—a surrender that somehow seemed to be the final added straw to my misery.

Only the sight of Vivandière, that noble albeit misunderstood piece of horse-flesh, brightened my despondency.

Jerry saw Miss Leland the next morning. The storm had not abated, but she sent word to him by a steward that she wished to see him. She wished to talk about Vivandière, and Jerry conversed with her through the partly opened door of Mrs. Clarke's cabin. And he told me that, barring a slight pallor, Miss Leland was quite well.

"It's that blamed old cat of a chaperon," said Jerry. "All the time the young lady was talkin' to me, Mrs. Clarke was wailin' and moanin' and prayin' liven, and abusin' the young lady, sayin' she had no hear-et at all, at all, to be afther thinkin' of an animal while she lay there dyin'. Dyin', is it? A cat has nine lives, Mother Sale, and Mrs. Clarke do be afther ownin' the luck of a cat as well as its nature!"

Jerry had noticed the woman's disdain of me and resented it. Little escaped the sharp eyes of Jerry Kenney.

But when he had reassured Miss Leland as to Vivandière, he had said no more than truth. How the mare would have acted had it not been for Jerry and myself I do not know. Certainly the dock-hands feared to go near her, for she had not forgotten the blow across her quarters, and when one of them came near she squealed and lashed out with her feet and acted like the equine devil she knew how to be. But with Jerry or me—she didn't even show fear of the storm when we were near.

And the next day not even Jerry and I got out on deck. We divided our time between the smoke-room and Vivandière. That night the captain did not appear in the saloon for his supper. He had not been there at dinner, either. Jerry and I were the only passengers whom the storm had not driven to bunks. I asked the purser where the captain was.

"Bridge," he answered. "He's been there since breakfast, and I think he'll be there to-morrow morning when you get up."

I whistled softly. "Anything wrong, purser?"

Of course he wouldn't answer such a question. But I noticed that the day's run had not been posted in the "social hall" that noon. It made me think.

JERRY went to Miss Leland's cabin to make his evening report about Vivandière after supper, and he was beaming when he joined me in the smoke-room.

"She's a trump," he announced. "Ca'am as this Gulf of Mexico isn't! But that old harridan wid her— God fortid I should ever marry and have a wife like her! All the time I was there she was screechin' and wishin' she was dead and fearin' she would be, till I asked her, over Miss Leland's shoulder, if she was such a great sinner that she feared death so? Do ye blame me? Whin ye think of that brave colleen stayin' wid her and hearin' nawthin' but her cries all day—do ye blame me?"

"A gentleman," said I gravely, "never rejoices in a lady's suffering, or in any rudeness shown her. However, in this particular case—name your drink, Jerry."

And we drank together—the last drink we were to have aboard the *Christina*. For next morning, about five, there came a pounding on my cabin door. I leaped out of bed and unlocked the door. A steward, white, with twitching lips, stood there. And he spoke to me the words that, once heard, are never forgotten:

"Captain's orders, sir. Passengers will go to the saloon deck and stand by to leave the ship."

Jerry, his wizened old face alive with excitement, was in my room before I had clothed myself. Never a trace of fear showed in his eyes. In fact, I shall always believe that to Jerry the wreck of the *Christina* was somewhat in the nature of a lark.

"Miss Leland's room is this way, sirr," he told me.

That was like Jerry. It was the natural and only thing, for him, to think of a lady at a time like this. I hope that it was equally natural for him to assume that I felt as he did. Anyway, we made our way to the girl's cabin. She and her chaperon were all dressed, and were just ready to make their way to the deck. The imminent danger had silenced the wailings of Mrs. Clarke. Jerry took her arm; I offered mine to Miss Leland. Afterward I thought of how she had seemed to expect my coming.

We started down the corridor. The mewing of an imprisoned cat halted the girl. She made me stop and open the cabin door whence came the sound. Miss Leland entered and picked up a kitten, and we continued our way to the deck. And, even as we lurched along the corridor, thrown from side to side as great waves crashed against the ship, I noticed that the kitten, held to Miss Leland's bosom, ceased its cries of fear.

We were the last to emerge from the companionway to the saloon deck. Stewards, counting noses, cried out at our arrival that all were accounted for.

"Aft, starboard," said one to me.

I led Miss Leland aft. Already boats were being launched. There was none of the panic that stories of wrecks had led me to expect. Silent, unprotesting, although pale and shrinking, men and women were being counted off into the boats. For the first time, I noticed the sea.

DAWN was just breaking. From the starboard side one could see, a mile away, the Florida coast, low-lying, girt to the very edge of the sandy beach with palmetto and scrub-pine. On that beach huge rollers smashed with viciousness that made their high-cast spray at times almost hide the trees. And between us and that desolate-seeming shore lay a mile of satanic sea, heaving, tossing, reaching.

A boat was lowered. Miss Leland's body pressed against mine. I heard her breathe sibilantly; her body grew rigid, then was limp. The boat was clear.

Ours was the last boat. I was the last passenger to get into it, although Jerry lingered by my side until a boatswain cursed him. The boatswain followed me. I saw the captain, pale, his lips bleeding where he had bitten them, cast one anguished look about his doomed vessel. I felt for him; for, as I was barred from the track, so now was he barred from the sea. Skippers who lose vessels are not employed again. He got in and snapped an order:

"Let fall!"

I was seated by Miss Leland. I heard a shriek from somewhere inside the ship. I heard the girl sigh. I looked at her. Her lips were moving, and I knew that she was—well, praying, perhaps. She had heard the shriek, the almost human cry, of a horse. And the horse was Vivandière!

And the next thing that I knew, I was standing on the deck of the *Christina*, peering down at the life-boat. As she was lowered away I had sprung to the rail. I saw Miss Leland's face, white as if conscience-stricken, as if she realized that her sigh, her whispered prayer, had sent me back aboard the *Christina*. Then the boat fell away; it dipped in the trough of a wave. If its occupants looked for me they did not see me again; for I was racing down a perilously slanted companionway toward the 'tween-decks where Vivandière was penned!

To be continued next week

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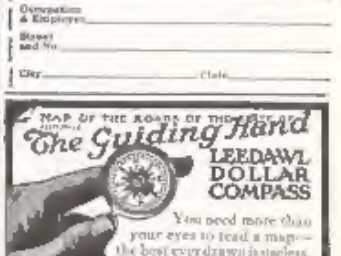

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They Love Us —They Love Us Not

A Poet Writes Us

Dear Editor:

Please pardon me for taking the
Great liberty of writing you,
But after thought I've deemed
That it is the right thing to do.

I'm just a plain middle-class lad
Last month sixteen years old,
With hopes and dreams for the future
Like most all fellows hold.

Why do I write, sir? I know why:
It's because you seem so near,
Of all other editors I read
I have a sort of fear.

Well, I guess I'd better quit,
As it is time for classes;
And let me say good luck
And very respectfully yours,

C. T. B., Baltimore, Md.

Good for Gracie

Dear Editor:

I am a governess, and one of my pupils, a clever girl of eleven, had a great hankering after my EVERY WEEK numbers, so I let her read them. One day her mother caught a glimpse of the title, "Her Jailbird," and she vigorously forbade me to let her children read such common, rough stuff. Well, when Gracie came around casually asking for her EVERY WEEK I said, "Ma petite amie, your mother forbids me to lend you the little magazine." The child looked thoughtfully at me for a moment, and then said, "Of course, Mademoiselle; you couldn't help it if some one came into your room and—er—looked around a bit when you were out, could you?"

E. H., New York.

But We Do Like to Revel

Dear Editor:

I have noticed with regret a certain frivolous note creeping into your publication with more and more frequency. You seem to think that everything has a funny side to it, no matter how serious it may intrinsically be. I do enjoy reading you, as do all of the members of my family; but it goes against me that you give so much space to reveling in levity.

Mrs. L. V. G., Saginaw, Mich.

For Ideals in Art

Dear Editor:

Let me thank you for your editorial, "Speaking of Theaters." I too am tired of stage scenes of domestic infidelity, drinking, gambling, and other forms of crime. I think we have had enough plays of the "Common Clay" sort. What we want is a little of the uncommon variety. Ten thousand clubwomen of Chicago believe in the stage and its mission. Couldn't we have a page devoted to the stage? I know many actresses personally, and know they will welcome better conditions and higher ideals of their art.

P. B. B., Chicago.

We Bet on You

Dear Editor:

As a youngster I was a failure at anything I undertook to do. At home I was never popular with my parents or brothers. I have been "way up and "way down in my ten years of business life, and am now employed as a crossing watchman at a dollar sixty-five a day. On this I support a family of six. Lately I have been reading your magazine, and have more than once been struck by the fact that other men not any better qualified than I, and with just as many handicaps, have won out in the end. The fact that you print so many articles about men of modest beginnings and severe struggles seems to prove that you believe almost any one capable of rising to a good position in life. I am honest and upright, polite in manners, have respect for old age, very stern in character, fond of pictures, read plenty, quiet in disposition, do not look for gain, am not afraid to face people. With these traits surely I may get somewhere yet. I have decided to not say die for a while yet. The next time I drop you a line I promise to be pulling down twenty-five dollars a week.

H. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All Right: We Won't

Dear Editor:

I note the letter a nice old lady wrote you October 30th, protesting against so many pictures of actors and actresses in EVERY WEEK.

Now, I am an "old lady" of fifty-five years who does like this feature of your magazine. I see these people in the photoplays, of which I am very fond, and like to see them in the magazines and read about them. Please don't have fewer pictures of actors and actresses because of the protest of one old lady.

Mrs. C. J. J., St. Louis, Mo.

Is He Sincere?

Dear Editor:

Here in my Western solitude
I chanced upon your platitude,
Witty it was about that caper,
Gary and the butcher paper.
How bright of you to have on tab
The past record of Charlie Schwab,
Whenever in the bills I roam
These sage-stud bills where stands my home.
I'll ponder on your sound advice.
(And only three cents was the price.)

F. B., Laguna Beach, Cal.

Furnace Fodder

Dear Editor:

In an early issue of your magazine there appeared a brief story on how to utilize old newspapers to a good advantage—by making them into paper balls for fuel purposes. I accepted this as a good idea, and assigned my youngsters

to the job, offering a royalty. It worked. Now, as a result, we have a bin full of paper balls, "furnace fodder." They burn wonderfully well, giving off volumes of heat, and prove a great saving of more expensive fuel.

I am attaching a small print of a bushel peach crate full of furnace fodder, which otherwise would have been given to the trash collector. We all thank you for the good suggestion.

C. M. M., Washington, D. C.

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Every Week and Spare Time Will Pay for It

DO you need $5.00 or $25.00? Perhaps there is a little bill that is bothering you, or you feel that that old hat is not fit to be worn for another Winter. Cold weather is coming, and the children need new shoes, and coal is high this Winter. Do you need $5.00 or $25.00?

Every Week is exchanging cash for your spare time. Every Week will help you pay that little bill, or buy the new hat or the children's shoes.

Turn your spare time into cash, and lay plans for Christmas that won't put you into bankruptcy for the first two months of the new year. Introduce Every Week among your friends, and make your town an Every Week town. It means CASH.

Do you need $5.00 or $25.00? Write to

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 4A

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381 Fourth Ave., New York City

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Blockade Bargains

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THE war has proved profitable in many ways to Americans. One of the most curious results has been the establishment of a bargain counter for American bonds and stocks in Germany. It is almost impossible to get them through the British blockade to this country, and consequently any one who is willing to leave bonds or stocks in Germany until after the war can buy them now at great reductions in price as compared with precisely the same article in this country.

A large business of this character has sprung up. It has been possible to buy American stocks and bonds in Germany all the way from two or three to fifteen points below the prevailing prices in New York. Germany needs funds to carry on the war, and its citizens are constantly being urged to subscribe for war loans. So they are anxious to sell foreign investments, and if the sea were open great quantities would be shipped here. Not only do the British war-ships make this course impossible, but abnormally high shipping and insurance rates would prove quite an item of expense.

In the early days of the war many securities were secretly gotten through, but now this has become very difficult. Later it was quite common to ship them to Switzerland, Holland, or the Scandinavian countries and sell to Americans there. But it has now been found more practical to leave the securities on deposit with well-known banks in Berlin until after the close of the war, when they will be delivered to owners on this side.

Any one who wishes to take advantage of this method of buying gilt-edged bonds and stocks at bargain prices should inquire of any of the four or five well known banking and brokerage firms in New York that have extensive German connections. The practical course is to inquire exactly what expense attaches to such a method of buying, just what securities are available, and where they will be deposited during the war.

One large firm that specializes in this business states that it has made arrangements with the Deutsche Bank, the largest in Germany, to deposit securities there for American customers without charge for any length of time. If the American buyer is over-cautious he can arrange to have shipment made to bankers in Holland, Switzerland, or Scandinavia; but probably some charge would be attached.

Large quantities of the best American bonds have been bought in this way. It is said that one man invested $100,000 in blockaded bonds. At various times such absolutely gilt-edged railroad bonds as Atchison general 4s, Northern Pacific prior lien 4s, Baltimore & Ohio first 4s, Southern Pacific refunding 4s, and Central Pacific first 4s have been obtainable four or five points below the New York prices.

Of course the buyer does not get any interest during the war, but he will be able to cash the coupons after he gets them. He receives a written contract from the broker on this side guaranteeing that he will receive the security with its uncashed coupons as soon as war conditions make delivery possible, at which time they will be brought over without expense to the buyer.

There seems little reason to doubt the safety of this bargain sale. As regards Canadian Pacific stock, otherwise an excellent investment, it will be noted that German prices are fifteen points below those in New York. This is because the railroad is not allowed to pay dividends to Germans during the war, and 2½ per cent. are back due. Just what will be done with these dividends after the war —whether they will be paid promptly or not—the writer can not state. A recent list of securities that a New York firm was prepared to buy in Germany for its American customers follows:

Chicago & Rock Island refunding 4 per cent., Denver & Rio Grande refunding 5 per cent., about 7 points under New York prices.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad common stock, Pennsylvania Railroad stock, about 4-5 points under New York prices.

Canadian Pacific Railroad stock, with 2½ per cent. dividends accrued since the war, 15 points under New York prices.

Japanese Government 4½ per cent. bonds, Second Series, about 7 points under New York prices.

Chinese Government 5 per cent. and 4½ per cent. bonds, Argentine Government 5 per cent. bonds, about 20 per cent. under normal.

Free Booklets that You May Have for the Asking

Arrangements have been made by which any reader mentioning this magazine may have any or all of the following booklets on request.

White Walters & Co., 60 Exchange Place, New York, for current issue of their fortnightly publication, *Investment Opportunities*, which describes many sound and attractive investments. Ask for 31-E, including booklet explaining the Twenty-Payment Plan.

The popularity of a partial-payment plan by which you can "buy as few shares as you wish" of stocks or bonds, and "pay when you are able," is steadily growing. White Sheldon-Morgan & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, for Booklet L-3, entitled the "Partial-Payment Plan."

The Citizens Savings & Trust Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, will furnish to our readers, upon request, Booklet P, which contains some very interesting information on banking by mail.

The *Odd Lot Review*, a weekly financial paper for small and large investors, comes in terse, available form, financial developments from week to week. It can be read in fifteen minutes, and is edited with a view to keeping the business man in touch with investment opportunities. Sample copies will be sent on request to 81 Broadway, New York City.

The Bache Review has become most valuable to bankers and business men on the financial situation, because it condenses in a precise manner the most comprehensive, reliable, and able views of current events as they affect business, finance, and investments. It is issued weekly by J. S. Bache & Company, 42 Broadway, New York. Sent on application.

Any one interested in the security market should send to L. R. Latrobe & Co., No. 111 Broadway, New York, for their statistical books on Copper Stocks, Motor Stocks, Standard Oil Stocks, Investor's Guide (270 pages), or Weekly Market Letter. The firm will mail you any one of these books free on request. Partial Payment Plan.

Attractive investment opportunities are now to be had through the purchase of Foreign Government Bonds. White Bureau Brothers, 60 Broadway, New York, members of New York Stock Exchange, for booklet giving full description.

Williams, Troth & Coleman, Investment Securities, 60 Wall Street, New York, offer public utility preferred stocks, yielding 5 to 8 per cent., and common stocks with enhancement possibilities. This offering is outlined in special current letter B, a copy of which will be supplied by the above-named firm on written request.

"$100 Bonds," Booklet C-55, is issued by John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York City. This firm has specialized for years in $100 bonds, and the booklet is a summary of the opportunities that the form of investment offers to the average man, with a comprehensive list of issues available in $100 form.

Investors desiring to acquire $100 bonds of the best known issues, and of a class that are legal for investment by Trustees and Savings Banks, should send for the special list B that has been prepared by Merrill, Lynch & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York City.

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Have you read Mr. Atwood's financial booklet, "Making Your Money Work for You"? It is written especially for our readers, and if you will write him, inclosing four cents in stamps, at 95 Madison Avenue, New York, he will send you a copy.

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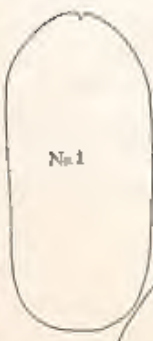
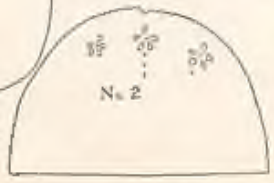
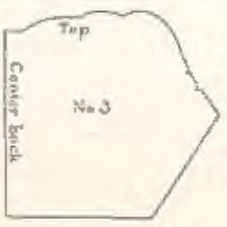
A $1 Idea—Shoes for the Baby

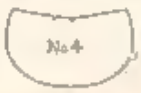
MANY mothers or friends of the baby's mother have long kid gloves that are worn out in the hand but perfectly good in the arm. These seem to be of no use at all. However, they are. A pair of shoes can be made for the baby from old kid gloves.

The shoe is in four pieces. No. 1 is the sole. No. 2 is the vamp, No. 3 is the top. No. 4 is the flap for buttonhole.









The different pieces should be buttonholed together. The sole and the vamp should be put together first. Then the design on the toe should be embroidered.

The top (No. 3) should be cut double, the material being doubled at the centerback. This should then be buttonholed on to the vamp and sole. The scallops at the top are to be buttonholed. Then the flap (No. 4) for the buttonhole is buttonholed on to the top.

Notches are shown, and if these are followed closely the shoe can easily be made. The petals of the flowers are to be made solid, and the centers and dots are of French knots.

The shoes are pretty made of white kid and buttonholed and embroidered in light colors. The shoes cost practically nothing and are very attractive.

After a number of pairs of shoes are made from this pattern, the mother may vary the style, cutting the shoes to suit her own—or the baby's—taste. They will be soft, comfortable, and neat, and cost nothing. What more could one ask?

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